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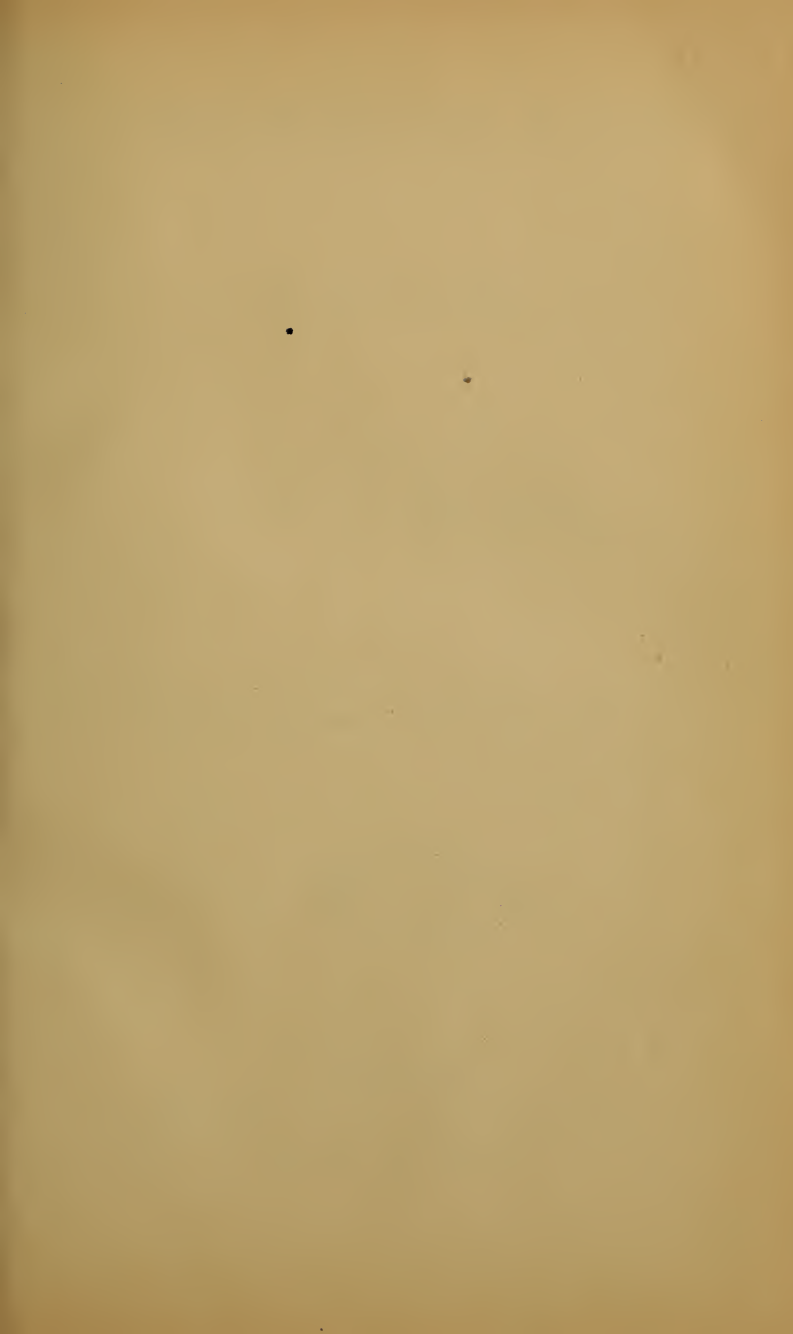
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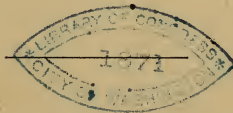
CHECKERED LIFE:

An Autobiography.

from Leonard New Cornwall
BY REV. I. L. VER MEHR.

"TIMES LOSE NO TIME; NOR DO THEY ROLL IDLY BY: THROUGH OUR
SENSES, THEY WORK STRANGE OPERATIONS ON THE MIND."

St. Augustine.



BOSTON:
WALKER, WISE, AND COMPANY;
TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

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Dedication.

TO ELEONORE AND ADELAIDE.

WHEN I had performed my task, and reclined back in my chair, I could not help wishing to inscribe my simple narrative to some honored name ; and many were those who presented themselves to my searching memory, under whose protecting shelter my unpretending volume might appear before that many-headed, many-hearted despot, the "Public." I mused long ; and, in pensive mood, I rose to stroll among my humble flower-beds. I gathered flower after flower to form a fragrant bouquet, a remembrance of my finished task, and a token of affection to one whom I love.

Culling and gathering, I was struck by the beauty and fragrance of the rose, which, white or red, is fullest and freshest and purest. In my fanciful humor, the white rose seemed to take a form ; and Eleonore, with her modest virtue, arose before me, the sweet pupil of my youth, who first taught me to love and cherish the excellences of human nature. And her sister, with the richly variegated colors, from lightest pink to darkest crimson, portrayed to me the treasures of the queenly Adelaide, my faithful companion in my pilgrimage over land and ocean.

Thus it seemed to me ; and I said, "To them I will inscribe the record of a life made sweet by their affection ; made sweet, indeed, notwithstanding the bitterness of grief and disappointment ; made more than sweet, O partner of my toil !"

Thus I said ; and I thought of the four angels, who, in one week of agony, were called from us to the presence of Him who united us in bonds eternal ; and their innocent spirits seemed to hover around your names, and to add security to my confidence. None, I thought, will have any but words of peace and consolation for him, in whom, indeed, *times have lost no time.*

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CHECKERED LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY SCENES.

IT was in 1813. The rain fell in torrents. I stood at the window, looking in wonder at the train of horsemen, wagons, and soldiers of every description, passing as in one uninterrupted stream. I see them yet, those old French cuirassiers, with their long horse-tails, their large cloaks, their weather-beaten features. I hear them yet, those half-suppressed imprecations; the "Halt!" succeeded by the far-off "Advance!" There was no end. Day after day they passed. "They are the remainders of the Great Army," was the answer to my questioning; and I remember having thought it must have been a great army indeed, of which the remainders were so endlessly long.

The next startling incident was of a more gloomy character. I heard the reports of cannon and muskets. The house seemed to shake. The doors were burst open ; wounded men were carried in, — French soldiers saved from slaughter. I remember a Spaniard, young and handsome, mortally wounded. I see yet his kindly smile, when laid on a comfortable mattress ; and he smiled once more, and breathed his last.

A few months later, I remember coming from school. Our house swarmed with Prussian hussars, — some thirty of them at the dining-table ; the wine-cellars burst open, and the peaceful family mansion a scene of dissoluteness and uproar. I was a boy of five. The novelty pleased me. I liked those fine men, with clashing sabres and clinking spurs, their loud and boisterous talk, their roaring laugh and careless manners. But, in the morning, I saw my sweet sister, a maiden of twelve, pale and haggard, trembling and shivering ; and, approaching the reckless band, on her knees she implored mercy for her mother, who lay at death's door, overcome with fear and anxiety. And, when I heard the taunting roar of laughter which burst upon her, there was in the boy of five a sudden revulsion. I hated the

Prussian hussars ; and even now, after the lapse of half a century, Prussia and any thing Prussian has little favor with me.

Oh the misery of those days ! During two months, one band of those uniformed tyrants succeeded another. During two months, they kept my father a prisoner in his own house, whilst they ransacked it, and turned it into a place of riot : for, in his wrath, he laid a heavy hand on the commander ; and, asserting the rights of a freeman in his own domain, he incurred the vengeance of military despotism. At last they went, and for a year my memories are of a quiet and peaceful character.

They bring me back to my sixth anniversary, a day of joy and pleasure ; gifts bestowed with bountiful liberality ; parents' blessing, and a brother's and sister's affection ; and the house thronged with guests, and the companions of my childhood surrounding the youngest heir with tokens of sympathy.

But in midsummer, — it was in 1815, — like far-distant thunder, I heard it roaring, sometimes in quick succession, sometimes with long intervals ; and, when I asked, I was told, “ It is the Emperor's battle.” They did not know it was his

last! It is now very nearly half a century; but the booming of Waterloo's cannon roars yet with funeral solemnity in my memory.

And with its dying echoes ends the bright vision of wealth and power as conceived in my childhood. Though not directly opposed to, yet not in favor of, the glorious meteor, which, from the siege of Toulon up to the brilliant sun of Austerlitz, had constantly ascended on the political horizon, my family had borne all the weight of despotism, and next all the crushing insolence of the Restoration. Its nearly princely wealth, exhausted by taxations and contributions, at last received its death-blow by the vandalism of those who came to restore. Of all the possessions, nothing remained but the ancestral home, still occupied by our family; and I remember well, how, day after day, its appearance changed, strange faces were seen haunting its halls and chambers, until I perceived that my liberty of rambling about was restrained. I felt a pang in my young heart. I felt mortified. I was glad when a coach stopped at the gate; and my brother and sister and myself took our seats. The carriage-door was closed, and I never saw my ancestral home again.

Through the tedious hours of a sultry summer day the coach rolled on. It finally stopped at a small but pleasant dwelling on the banks of the picturesque Meuse, where we found our mother. There she often used to retire from the rumor and tumult of war, which for the last twenty years had resounded over our land. To remarkable beauty she joined the dignity of a queen. She received us as mothers in those times used to receive their children. There was love, but reserve; there was anxious care, but greater pride. And she pressed us one after another to her bosom, and made us sit down at the supper-table, and took herself a seat with all the dignity of former times. Ah! it was a sober repast. My brother, a noble boy of fifteen years, my sister, a growing maiden of thirteen, both felt that life had assumed a new and more severe aspect; and I, when nature's wants were satisfied, began to remember with longing heart one who that morning had given me a parting kiss. Tears filled my eyes, and tears filled the eyes of brother and sister; when at last I cried with sorrow and anguish, "*Where is papa?*"

CHAPTER II.

ENOUGH FOR A FORTNIGHT.

I AM of Austrian and Spanish lineage; for my ancestor in the fifth degree was the lineal descendant of Don Juan of Austria and Doña Maria de Mendoza, and married the granddaughter of Don Louis de Requesens, the Spanish Governor of the Netherlands. During two centuries, my family had occupied posts of trust under the then powerful government of the Batavian Republic. Mostly men of war, they had fought her battles against Louis XIV., and his successor, Louis XV. Through good management and rich inheritances, their wealth had steadily increased. Of an independent spirit, they never were favorable to the house of Orange; nor were they inclined to humor the despotism of Napoleon. When the Netherlands were incorporated with the French Empire, my father, the only inheritor of the name and fortune, kept aloof from imperial influence.

After the battle of Leipsic, the oppressed provinces began to breathe. Men of influence formed various plans for the future. Some (and they were the majority) saw nothing better than to recall Orange to the head of affairs; others, and my father among them, had a wider range. They thought of uniting the Netherlands, from France to the Elbe, into one empire. I have yet in my possession the plans drawn up for that purpose. It was a magnificent project. It would have created a powerful State, a check on France, on England, and on Prussia. It does not matter what part my father took in this plan. He was deeply involved. He was a man in the meridian of life, thoroughly versed in the science of government; of great enterprise; and, above all, of unconquerable endurance and perseverance. Orange was recalled; Belgium and Holland united into one petty kingdom. The friends of my father mostly contrived to make their timely submission; but he remained stern and unbending. His patriotic heart would not submit to what afterwards appeared little better than egotistical Louis Philippe. He became dangerous in a time when all was unsettled. He was *crushed*. He sent his family where they

were comparatively safe. But the kiss which that morning he pressed on my brow was the last I knew of him during that dreary summer; and to my sobbing cry, "Where is papa?" I received no answer but the gloomy silence of my poverty-stricken family.

At last, the autumnal leaves began to fall, and winter set in with unusual severity. It had covered the earth with its frosty mantle; and, in the dusk of approaching evening, we sat in silence, remembering more cheerful days; when the door opened, and our father stood before us.

He looked wearied and careworn. He came from the frontiers, where he had been shifting from place to place. He was exhausted with fatigue: he was hungry. He was on his way to a place of safety, where he would be nearer his friends. He had to go that evening more than twelve miles. He would not stay with us. It might create suspicion, and disturb our repose.

Oh, how well I remember that sad, very sad evening! I see yet my father, erect though crushed, holding the hand of my mother. My brother and sister stood near him, half encircling

him with their arms. Behind the group stood a dark, straight, military man, Col. P. of the Swiss guards, a veteran of eighty years, a trusty friend of my father. He brought him "from his penury" a few dollars. It needs no effort of memory to recall the scene. Silent they stood in mutual grief, until my father said, —

"Farewell, Catona! farewell! I have enough for a fortnight. Trust in God."

He left in the dark and snowy night. He left alone, to wander over a desolate heath; nor would he allow any one to accompany him. My parents never met again in this world.

"*Enough for a fortnight!*" and what after that? The words resounded strangely in my ears. There was a gloomy determination in those words, which startled me, child as I was. From that moment, I thought of nothing but of my father. His sudden appearance, his altered countenance, his silent departure, haunted me the whole night. "'Enough for a fortnight,'" said I to my mother on the following morning: "what did papa mean?"

And my mother gave me one of those glances which used to strike me dumb. There was no idea of repeating the question.

Why this glance? Was it reproof? No; but it was a determined will that the subject should no more be touched. My mother disapproved of my father's political course. She took a matter-of-fact view of the thing. Since the case could not be altered, it was better to give in. Proud as she was, she did not see the use of adhering to political creeds, when they ruin a family. Perhaps she was not wrong. She thought, that, with a little policy, the favor of the "powers that be" might be gained. My father could not bend. He thought of nothing but the dream and expectation of his whole life; my mother, of her family.

With the instinct of childhood, I abstained from further inquiry. But one evening a teamster made his appearance, and mysteriously asked if there was any errand to St. Anna.

I held already my mother's knees. I knew St. Anna.

"Oh! let me go," said I, "and bring your errand. Let me go, let me go!—let me go to papa!"

How it was, I cannot now conceive; but my mother consented. I sprang into the wagon: the teamster took his seat, cracked the whip; and I

actually was on my way to see him whom since that dismal evening I had not lost an hour out of sight, and to whom, from this time, I clung with feelings of even more than filial affection.

CHAPTER III.

ST. ANNA.

It was a hamlet on the frontier; its principal feature a respectable-looking inn, with a corpulent, good-natured landlord. There were many rooms and a large stable. Rooms and stable were always well filled. It was the head-quarters of the Douane. A dozen "horse-douaniers" were always at their post. Theirs was a hard and perilous service. All the inhabitants were smugglers. The landlord himself was a smuggler. Between him and his warlike guests, it was a constant display of *ruses de guerre*. If there was a large convoy of contraband to pass, my landlord was ever ready with the bottle. But our douaniers were always on the alert. In the depth of night, some were on their lonely posts; and, in the midst of drinking and boisterous laughter, you might see them disappear one after another, take to horse, and gallop to the menaced

point. The smugglers were mostly armed. If they saw a chance, they would fight their way through; if not, they would flee, and leave their baggage, which then became the prize of the hardy douanier. But revenge soon followed such a defeat; and the life of the douanier who had successfully resisted this sort of brigandage was little worth. "When we are on our errand," said once a smuggler to my father, "*we are shrouded*; and woe to the douanier who steps between us and our right!"

There my father had found a refuge. A little room under the roof, and *enough for a fortnight*, was all that remained of wealth and position. In that little room I found him, when finally released from the confinement in the wagon: then I rushed into his arms, and, covering him with kisses, cried, "Papa, I have come!"

Oh the happy, happy days of childhood! Misery, poverty, — all is swallowed up in the joy of one moment! Oh the happy night I spent on a hard couch, but with the certainty that at least *one day* I should be with him, see him, hear him, talk with him!

And so I did. Who has not in his life had some days of intense happiness, leaving a mark

which the hand of Time cannot efface, because it was the soul, the inmost soul, which received the impression? Such a day was the first day at St. Anna, when my father took me about, and showed me the premises, the stables, the horses, the arms; and himself enjoyed the loving sympathy of the little son, who seemed to be the only one to take a heartfelt interest in his forlorn condition.

And when, that night, I lay down with the prospect of leaving the following morning, it was with a heavy heart: it was with the wish, with the hope, with the intention, nearly with the determination, of returning.

It was noon when I reached my mother's dwelling. I entered her room with tears. Displeased was my mother's eye, *almost* stern her words: "If thus you return, it were better not to go any more." I say, *almost* stern; for there was a mixture of grief and sorrow, which even then struck me with awe and reverence: for she loved me, and tenderly nursed me when very sick; and she taught me to pray. Strange, how memories recur! I remember when first she taught me the Lord's Prayer; I remember how she made me kneel, and follow her words; I remember how

she would kiss me good-night; I remember it: but my heart yearned after my father.

A few days afterwards, I was with him. How this happened, I don't remember. I cannot recollect it; but I know I was there again, in the little upper room. I sat writing copies; and the copies I remember: "*Brutus and Cassius were the last of the Romans.*" Thus it was written at the head of the page; thus I copied. And I remember the story as it fell from my father's lips. When I think of this, and recollect how it moulded my soul, how it formed my disposition, I cannot help saying to parents who may read these lines, "You have a godlike power over the mind of your children. They are, in your hands, like wax: whatever they become is your doing. Oh, what responsibility was laid on you when those children began to say 'father and mother'!"

I remember that, day after day, I had to return; day after day, there was something in the way; day after day, the tendrils of the vine clung with more strength around the tree. And I remember how, one afternoon, my father said, "Would you rather stay with me?" And I answered, "Papa, I want to go anywhere with you."—"But," said my father, "I am very poor, and have no place to go

to. I must leave here : I have been told to leave." And I remember saying, "Papa, let me go with you."

It was so. Suspicious as all newly established governments are, a man of my father's mark could not be left alone. His party was powerful in rank and hereditary traditions : it had, in appearance at least, submitted to the "powers that be ;" but he whose aim was the public weal would not submit. His retreat was soon discovered ; and the landlord, though under many obligations to my family, could not resist the outward pressure. One morning, my father put a little bundle on my shoulders, took himself a larger one, and we set out.

It was a frosty, clear morning. I never felt happier, before nor after, than when I walked at my father's side, carrying my little bundle. We walked many a mile. Towards the middle of the day, we stopped at a house on the roadside. I needed rest. A middle-aged lady waited for us. I knew her : she was a tried friend of my mother. I loved her. I have never seen her since ; but forty years thereafter, when she was eighty, I corresponded with her ; and over land and ocean she sent me words of love and affection.

She addressed my father: "Sir," said she, "I know where you are going. I respect your opinions; but can you involve this poor innocent child in your misery? There is a mother to take care of him; there is a sister to love him. I beg you, let him go with me; let me return him to the care of his mother."

My father smiled. "You are right, madam," said he; "but the little fellow *loves* me. Speak with him, and act accordingly." He left the room.

And now the good lady began a regular attack. I believe she left no argument untried: my mother, my sister, and the playmates and the pleasant village and the beautiful Meuse and my comforts and my clothes, and what not, — all were represented in glowing terms. Then came the contrast: my father's utter destitution; the place to which we were going, — a castle with heavy walls and wide ditches; no playmates, no clothes, &c. I remember very well her long and earnest pleading; but "Brutus and Cassius" gained the mastery. She would have done wiser not to mention my father's destitution. For clothes I did not care; and all her arguments lost their edge against my repeated "I go with papa."

He re-entered the room. "Well," said he. "He wants to go with you," answered the lady. "It is well. Leno, take your bundle," said my father. I obeyed, and we continued our journey.

I began to be very tired: twelve miles was much for a first trip. We arrived at a crossway. My father sat down. "Here let us rest," said he: "they will soon come."

We heard the rattling of a wagon. It stopped. An elderly gentleman alighted, and approached my father with a mixture of respect and familiarity. A silent pressure of the hand was all. My father lifted me into the wagon, took himself a seat; and, before the sun had reached the horizon, we saw its departing beams strike the turrets of Haret Castle. We soon entered its dark and stately avenue. The massive drawbridge fell; the carriage-wheels resounded over the courtyard. We stopped at the emblazoned gate; and Mrs. de S., extending her hand, said to my father, "Welcome!"

CHAPTER IV.

HARET CASTLE.

THE struggle between the Netherlands and Spain was protracted during the first half of the seventeenth century. The Belgian provinces did not succeed in shaking off the yoke of foreign dominion. It was in those days of cruel warfare and plunder that Haret Castle and several others were erected, — strong enough to protect against a *coup de main*, but not capable of sustaining a regular siege. Its walls were about ten feet thick, its turrets just high enough to take a survey of the surrounding country; but it had nothing of the Gothic style, nothing of the dungeon-like appearance of the mediæval castles. A stately avenue of nearly two miles' length led to the village of V., on the banks of the river Meuse. The environs were partly covered with a dense forest of pine-trees, partly with arable land; whilst to the south extended a dreary heath of more than fifteen miles.

We were soon established. My father occupied a large apartment, in size, at least, favorably contrasting with the small upper room at St. Anna. Its furniture was simple, recalling the memories of times past. It had been the banqueting-hall, where many a festival must have taken place. The huge chimney, the old portraits, the high-backed chairs, the dark windows with their deep embrasures, are the principal features which I remember. These last were so deep indeed, that I used one of them as a very comfortable nook, where, at a little desk, I began my regular studies.

For my father was a man, who, in more than common measure, joined practical knowledge to theoretical learning. Deeply imbued with classical studies, there was scarcely a European language which he had not thoroughly mastered. In law and philosophy, he had exhausted all the resources of the learning of ages. Educated by an eminent English scholar, he had finished his studies at the University of L. Then he began a brilliant career, partly in defending criminal cases, partly in acting as secretary to my grandfather, who, up to his sixty-third year, held a charge of great responsibility. The French Re-

volution broke out, when he died, and thus was spared the grief of foreign invasion, Jacobinic dominion, and Napoleonic absolutism. My father was then about twenty-four years old. Independent by character and circumstances, he watched with interest the progress of the "new ideas," and their final development into the most oppressive military despotism. With others, he saw in Bonaparte the only strong arm capable of saving France and part of Europe from chaotic destruction. But when the strong arm of Marengo's hero began to extend, with unrelenting grasp, over Western Europe, when conscription and taxation and proscription and confiscation followed in the train of French prefects and military commanders, then, with others, he withdrew his unbounded admiration. His heart sunk within him when he met him at a private audience. I remember how, in stately court-dress, and flushed with expectation, he went; and I remember the look of sullen despair, wherewith, on his return, he answered a friend's inquiring, "What do you think of him?"—" *He has a hard skin!*" Nor could any thing prevail upon him to show his allegiance by accepting any favor or public office. He devoted himself to the education of his chil-

dren, and found relief in the faithful discharge of a private duty, since he could not assume any other.

Such was my father. Separated from his wife, from his eldest son, and from his daughter, he had, by providential direction, none left but me upon whom to concentrate all his affection and care; and he laid out a plan of study, to which he faithfully adhered during many years. Almost without *any* books, he made me study Latin, English, German, mathematics, and, strange enough, moral philosophy. Positive religion, or rather revealed religion, had no place in his system. The Bible he considered as a venerable record of antiquity. He caused me to read it daily; and it was, so to say, my favorite reading. The historical books of the Old Testament and the Gospels of the New, — what can be more interesting even for a child? What is called natural religion, he taught me regularly, as before he had taught my brother. Every Sunday morning had its two hours set apart for instruction in the intricacies of man's destination, mental and moral powers, relations and duties.

And so I studied during the hours of the day. As I said before, without grammars, dictionaries,

or text-books, he enabled me, when ten years old, to read and write understandingly French, German, and English ; he carried me through plane geometry and the elements of mensuration ; whilst in history I was almost as well at home as I ever have been since.

And, when the study-hours were past, he rambled with me through the woods and over the fields ; and, whilst I gathered flowers or chased the butterfly, he would sit down and read Tacitus or Seneca, his favorite classics, which followed him everywhere. I possess them yet, those venerable relics ; and, whenever I open them, my father's image seems to take a form. O Memory ! what art thou, and where art thou ? Why does thy strength increase when other faculties decline ? Art thou a faculty of the soul, or the soul itself ? And, when the bodily faculties cease, shall the *whole* be memory ? Shall the *whole* of our life, with all its feelings, sensations, and perceptions, be as one vivid stream of joyful recollection or woful remembrance ?

Sometimes I had a holiday. Armed with bow and arrow, I would rove about, shooting my harmless weapons upon sparrows and crows, or foxes and hares. For miles around, there was no nook

or corner where I did not penetrate; and, though I returned with an empty bag, it benefited my health, and made my constitution wiry and enduring.

But many clouds obscured those days of childish life. Though clinging with all my heart and soul to my father, yet did my thoughts often wander to my mother, brother, and sister. I wrote them sometimes; but the heart yearned after more. I knew their residence was twenty miles distant, on the same Meuse where I often went to angle; and once my desire to see them became so strong, that I made up my mind to go, and, following the windings of the river, to walk until I should come to their village. I formed this plan during the morning studies, a secret for my father,—the first, and truly the last, in my life. It was four o'clock in the afternoon when I left. As I approached the river, my heart became heavy. I was not accustomed to keep any thing from my father. I sat down. A procession of pilgrims to the celebrated shrine of K. was halting for the night,—hundreds of men, women, and children singing psalms and hymns. They knelt in prayer. It was a truly solemn pause. My feelings, excited by self-reproach and the consciousness of doing a foolish thing, overcame me entirely. I burst

out in tears, and returned home ; hastening my step the more I approached, until, having passed the draw-bridge, I rushed to my father's room, threw myself into his arms, weeping, and confessing my fault, my lack of confidence. I shall never forget the agony of self-reproach wherewith I clung to his faithful bosom.

My brother was a youth of sixteen, handsome, daring, and of noble disposition. A lieutenancy in the army was offered him ; but my father was inflexible in his refusal. Then some well-meaning friends of my mother offered him an advantageous position in one of the West-Indian colonies. The proud spirit of my brother could not bear his actual, uncertain situation. Strengthened by my mother's advice, he accepted. He went on board, and from there he wrote his farewell letter to my father. And what a letter ! how full of tenderness ! how full of repentance for having taken a step without his father's blessing ! " I must unburden my heart," said he. " O God ! how heavy it lies on my conscience to have left you thus ! But circumstances forced me. O my father ! write me soon, that I may know if you have forgiven me."

And, with this letter unfolded in his hand, I

saw, one afternoon, my father returning from the village. It was the first tidings of a step which took from him his son, and sent him to a dangerous climate, in a position, which, though advantageous, he rightly considered as not desirable. All his feelings were wounded; his parental authority slighted; his son gone; and that son repenting when it was too late,—yet gone, perhaps, for ever. I remember how, bending down in grief, he took me in his arms, and said, “My only hope and consolation!”

The new government had become settled; yet the principal supporter of my father's views, a statesman who was at the head of affairs during the last years of the Republic, continued his correspondence. Many and many a letter had I fetched from the post-office; and I knew their importance by the manner in which my father read them, and studied their reply in a writing to me not intelligible; I knew it by expressions which now and then escaped him. All at once, the answers failed to come. My father became restless.

On a beautiful summer evening, we returned together from the village, and overtook a platoon of soldiers, who went to their assigned quarters

in the neighborhood. When passing them, we heard the sergeant express, in forcible words, his regret at having left his meerschaum at the mill. "I am sorry," said he, "but too tired. Let it go! but I am very sorry!"

"There," said my father: "we can show a kindness. We are not so tired. Let us go to the mill, and restore this man his pipe."

It was two miles' walk; but I was happy with the prospect of the man's joy at recovering so unexpectedly his property. We went; and towards dusk we arrived at the quarters. A strong exclamation of joy greeted me when I handed the pipe. The sergeant wished to reward me; and, as this was declined, he accompanied us with continued expressions of gratitude.

"Comrade," said my father, "what may be your business in this part of the world? We don't see you often here."

"Indeed, sir," answered he, "our business is none of the most pleasing; and I wish they had left it to the gendarmes." And then, lowering his voice, he added, "We have to make an arrest in the castle."

"Indeed!" said my father. "But what if they draw the bridge up?"

“We shall surround the castle.”

“But there are only a few of you.”

“There is a company of one hundred men, under Capt. R., behind the village.”

“Well, comrade,” said my father after a pause, “I think you will succeed.”

“Sir,” replied the sergeant, “our order is to make the arrest *in* the castle. You have been very kind, sir: I wish I could render you some service.”

“My good friend,” rejoined my father, “I have a mind to save yourself and me some trouble. I am your prisoner.”

Then I remember the man’s rough but kindly face took a peculiar expression.

“And what is to become of this brave little fellow, sir? Will you have him go between the bayonets to Fort A.? Will you leave him here?”

“O papa!” cried I, “do not leave me!”

“Sir,” continued the sergeant, “I have no right to arrest you. It is my commander who has the warrant, and will present himself to-morrow morning at Haret Castle. From here to the frontier river is only two miles, and you have a night to take your measures. May we be spared the shame of escorting so brave a gentleman with

our bayonets otherwise than as a guard of honor!"

Thus saying, he left us. My father followed him with thoughtful eye, took my hand, and we walked silently through the dark avenue. It was night when we arrived. My father had immediately a long conversation with his host, Mr. de S. I went to bed, and fell asleep, dreaming of soldiers.

Early in the morning, my father stood before me, ready to depart. I had again my little bundle to carry. I left with regret a place where I had lived some of my happiest days. All was yet silent when we passed the court-yard and crossed the draw-bridge. Leaving the avenue, we passed through the pine forest; and, avoiding the village, we arrived at the ferry just when the rising sun began to strike the turrets of Haret Castle. I gave it a last farewell, and entered the boat, which carried us soon to the other shore. For the first time that I can remember, I had a painful feeling of being *homeless* and *houseless*; which however, if possible, seemed to increase the tenacity wherewith I clung to my father.

CHAPTER V.

NOTHING REMAINS BUT ETERNITY !

THE country through which we took our journey was barren and lonely, — a heath extending for more than thirty miles, with slight undulations, and here and there a bush. Far on the horizon, I could discern the Forest of Cleves, — a remnant of the forest which once covered the whole of Germany; but our path lay on the heath, following the windings of the Meuse.

It was historical ground. It was here, that in 1574, when a dismal gloom covered the destinies of the United Provinces, the brave Count Louis of Nassau, the brother of the great William of Orange, fell in the bloody battle of Mooker Heath. I had long known the story. But my father, to lighten the weariness of a long journey, told me, all over again, how the count had sold all his estates to raise an army of six thousand lancers and three thousand footmen; and how he was met, at the place we were crossing, by a

superior force under the Spanish governor, Don Louis de Requesens ; and how they battled from sunrise till night, when, the count being slain, his army was routed, whilst his body could never be found. And though the Spanish commander was my direct maternal ancestor, yet my heart was all for Count Louis ; and in youthful fancy I beheld him, iron-clad, spurring his war-horse to the last charge, and cheering his followers to a last effort.

I have seen many battle-fields. I have often lingered on the fields of Waterloo ; often on the plains of Fontenoy ; often on the grounds of Morgarten, where Switzerland bought her freedom. But, on all these, the industrious hand of succeeding generations has effaced the gloomy remembrances of destructive war ; and waving cornfields, luxuriant vineyards, and smiling gardens, make it difficult to realize a scene of destruction and bloodshed. Not so on the heath of Mook. It was now as it was two hundred and fifty years ago, — the same dreary, undulating plain, without thrifty vegetation, without birds, without life ; the same gentle-flowing Meuse on one side, the same dark forest on the other. We passed the same redoubts they had thrown

up ; we found the same rusty iron bullets, which had lain there two centuries after having done their work of death ; we passed the same mounds which covered the bodies of the thousands who sleep there until the day of judgment.

All at once, my father stopped on an eminence, and pointed toward the Meuse. I gazed with spell-bound attention ; for, on the opposite shore, I saw a village with its spire. A strange feeling came over me. I began to see it all. I knew that spire, and that dwelling on the high bank of the river. It was my mother's dwelling ! There she was with my sister ! I know I trembled all over. Nearly two years had passed, and all came before my memory in silent sorrow ; and there it lay, so beautifully reflected in the silvery river. I gazed, and looked up to my father. With glistening eye he stood, a little bent, as if sending over thoughts of love and affection. I stretched out my arms as high as I could reach, till my father caught me up, and fondly kissed me. Then he said, " We must go, Leno : we must reach M. before dark."

And so we did. It was evening when we knocked at the door of a large two-story house, situated on an eminence near the river-shore. A

middle-aged gentleman opened to us. Tall and stern, but not commanding, he was very polite, and seemed to receive my father as if he were expected. He immediately showed him to a large apartment with a sleeping-room. Welcome refreshments were set before us; and I soon thereafter fell asleep in a comfortable bed, leaving my father in deep conversation with our unprepossessing host.

He was a Frenchman; one of those plotters who try to make themselves available in political schemes, and, without aim or plan, delight in intrigue, because they prefer crooked paths and by-ways. To all the rapacity and harshness so common among borderers, he joined none of their redeeming traits. His family was large, all partaking of the same character, — deceitful, vindictive, and rapacious.

And here I passed another half-year of my boyhood, and to me not the less interesting; for therein I began to study Latin, — the *ultima Thule* of my childish ambition. And I remember how my father procured me two small books, — the one a little dictionary, the other a Latin Reader. And the first sentence I remember: *Amicus certus in re incerta cernitur*; or, as it

may be said in English, "A friend in need is a friend indeed." And how my father explained to me the sense, and gave, as illustration, his own case ; mentioning the friends who remained faithful to him, whose names I had often read on the address of letters carried by myself, — friends who at that time occupied high positions. Sweet are these remembrances, and embalmed in the memories of my soul : for I listened to his words with the unsullied faith of childhood ; and I learned, not only the forms of things, but the things themselves in their nature and bearing. And, that same year, I studied the Lives of Cornelius Nepos ; and finding how Atticus, keeping aloof from political parties, lived unmolested to an old age, I remember saying, "Papa, *why* did not you do the same ?" And my father, with his peculiar smile, said, *In magnis voluisse sat est* ("In great undertakings, even the will is praiseworthy"). Then I said, I would improve the sentence ; and, having received permission, said, *In magnis noluisse melius* ("In great things, *not* to will is safer"). My father laughed, and said that I would become a poor scholar and a worse statesman. And thus, in the midst of dreary privations of all sort, he faithfully pursued

his plan of studies ; never allowing a day to pass unimproved.

And the year 1819 began to draw to an end. The winter set in with more than common severity. It was the 5th of December, — the Eve of St. Nicholas, — in those countries a great day of rejoicing for children, but to me a day of never-to-be-forgotten agony and terror.

My father's correspondence had been more lively than usual ; but his intercourse with Mr. Bular, our host, more reserved. For some reason or other, that day we had not gone down to our meals. I had perceived a Prussian gendarme loitering about the house, and was making sundry conjectures, when I heard my father in the adjoining room in deep and passionate conversation with Mr. Bular. On his side, it was all protestations of interest and devotedness ; on my father's side, stern and rapidly succeeding questions, involving Mr. Bular in the unenviable part of being a common traitor. At last came the question direct, "What about that Prussian ruffian ? What is his business here ?" No answer. My father's anger, when roused, was terrible. I heard a scuffling movement, and my father's voice, with metallic distinctness, urging,

“Confess, traitor! confess! Are there more coming? Confess, or I throw you a corpse on the floor!” And I heard the words deliberately dropping, “They must be near.” — “*Then nothing remains but eternity!*” roared my father. I heard him throw the miserable man from him, leave the room, descend the stairs, and rush out of the house.

The truth flashed upon me. The villain had sold my father. Prussian gendarmes were near to carry him off to one of the fortresses. Woe to the political offender who enters their walls! “*Nothing remains but eternity!*” sounded like the wail of death in my ears. I was already down stairs, and out of the house. It was a dark and cold night, and the Meuse streamed with swollen waters. I did not see my father; but my instinct guided me.

At a little distance from the house was the remainder of a wharf. There I had often stood angling. There I had often rested with my father, admiring the beauty of a quiet river scenery. There I hastened; and there I found him, standing with crossed arms *on the brink of self-destruction*. I came slowly up to him. “O papa, papa!” said I in whispering agony,

“where you go, I go!” He could not resist my endearing affection. “They chase me like a dog!” said he. “Listen!” I listened, and heard the horsemen taking successively their position around the house.

I showed my father a small boat attached to the wharf. I went down first; he followed. I loosened the rope, and gave a hearty push. We had no oars; but a scoop helped us sufficiently to reach the opposite shore. We landed at no great distance from the village where my mother dwelt. We passed through it. I saw the lights burning, and the streets full of happy children. As for me, I was hungry, cold, and fatigued. A little way from the village, my father stopped at a lonely dwelling. Col. P., the same venerable friend who was present at the last interview of my parents, received him silently, but affectionately. Whilst partaking of some needful refreshments, he explained to my father how his position had changed. The Baron de S., the chief supporter of his views, was no more. My father’s friends had used all their influence to have his personal safety insured. “Go to S.,” he said. “You will find at the house of Mr. de L. every thing prepared for your reception.

Go, my worthy friend ; and, for Heaven's sake, abstain from correspondence."

The village of S. was about seven miles distant. Oh, how well do I remember that night's walk ! — the sharp cold, the frosty ground, my dear father's encouraging voice. And Mr. Bular, and the Prussian gendarmes, and the whole ugly concern of M., — it was all left behind ; and soon we should be safe and well.

And, about ten o'clock, we approached the dwelling of Mr. de L. We entered a pleasant family room, warm and cheerful. And there was Mrs. de L., smiling as the bright morning sun, and her blooming children, all happy on St. Nicholas Eve ; and they received us like expected guests ; and I had my seat near the warm stove, and my part in the St. Nicholas gifts ; and I was *happy*, oh, how happy ! until bed-time came, and we were shown up stairs ; and our kind hostess took me under her especial care, — the first blessed woman's care I had received since nearly three years ; and our room was neat and cheerful, with tidy beds, and roomy writing-table, and various books ; and, when we were left alone, I encircled my dear father, and broke out in tears. That same evening, what re-

vulsion in position and feelings! What a difference between the death-wail, "Nothing remains but eternity!" and the cheerful "Good-night" of our amiable hostess! O God! thou art a good God. I have known thy terrors from early youth, and "one deep has called to another:" yet I have seen an end of sorrow; but of thy faithful kindness never did I find the end, nor even the beginning; for truly our whole life is a continued manifestation of thy mercy.

CHAPTER VI.

PREPARING FOR THE UNIVERSITY.

THE remembrance of S. is sunny all over, with one exception soon to be mentioned. I there passed a happy winter, a delightful spring, and part of a cheerful summer. Political affairs seemed less to pre-occupy my father. There was less of letter-writing, less of anxiety. My studies were pushed with vigor. Yet my remembrances of that period are more of pleasant children's play than any thing else. Oh the lasting influence of a cheerful housewife and mother! Mrs. de L. is always before me, bright and sunny, laughing and busy. She had four children, all daughters; the eldest of my age, the youngest a lovely babe of two years. This one became my pet. I was unwearied in carrying her about, and playing with her; unwearied in gratifying her little whims and caprices. And from that time I always loved children, sweet little children. The remembrance of little Louise de L.

is even now like a fragrant balm of innocence ; and when, in later years, I inquired after her, my warm enthusiasm for the dear child was greeted with the broad smile of worldliness. She had grown to be a very fascinating young lady ! Alas ! I remembered only the sweet little Louise, the innocent companion of my early boyhood.

But when the month of April came, with its lovely days of spring, my father laid before me a letter, communicating the serious illness of my dear Valerio, my dear and only brother. And the letter was only an introduction to sadder news. For, a few days after, came an aged friend, who discreetly told the tale of sorrow,—how he had died just at the point of reaching his eighteenth year, a victim of the yellow-fever ; how he had been attended by good and honorable friends ; how he had died with sweet remembrance of his parents : yet he died far away, the noble first-born of my father ! And I remember his grief ; and how he walked forty miles in one day to receive some more information ; and how he returned at evening, and, throwing his arms around me, sat down weeping bitter tears for his high-minded and generous boy.

And the loss of my brother cast a deep shadow over my early years. I could never believe that he was dead, really dead ; and for years I thought of the possibility of his returning.

I was now eleven years old. The education thus far received had excited in me an intense admiration of antiquity, and an enthusiastic love of liberty. The models of Greece and Rome were constantly before me. To the question, what I wished to be, there was but one answer, — *a soldier*. Even in fencing and horsemanship, my father had contrived to give me regular lessons, himself being an excellent fencer and horseman. And my youthful ambition was kindled beyond measure when accidentally the works of Vauban came into my hands ; and I began to study with unrelenting zeal the art of fortifying, defending, and attacking cities. Next I found the “ Life and Deeds of that Heroic Prince, Eugene of Savoy ; ” an old German book, but which I studied with all the ardor of enthusiastic admiration. And in my Latin studies I proceeded with equal zeal ; my father promising me, on my twelfth birthday, the Commentaries of Cæsar, should I make sufficient progress to read them.

And now, in the beginning of summer, there

came a company of military engineers into our neighborhood. I asked my father leave to follow them, and observe their instruments and operations. Among them was the son of one of my father's most faithful friends, himself in high position. I observed my father in frequent conversation with him. What was the subject, I do not know; but, after a few days, our host, otherwise cheerful and kind, became reserved and cold. Mrs. de L. looked sad and careful. One morning, my father left with me. She accompanied us to the door. Tears were in her eyes. She looked long after us, till we were out of sight. We walked about six miles, until we came to a small village, where my father took an upper room, and seemed absorbed in thought. There he sat, writing and despatching letter after letter, and receiving many; and his mind seemed to be in a violent struggle.

As far as I can conceive by what followed, his friends tried to persuade him to a course of submission, and to accept, under the present government, a position which might redeem his fortunes, and secure his family against want and humiliation. But my father's mind was unbending, even to stubbornness. Submit to necessity, he would;

but as for accepting any favor, he disdained. His son was dead. His wife's fortunes he considered as separate from his own ; since, of her own accord, she had taken a different view, and been the cause of my brother's departure and ensuing death. For himself and me, he wished private employment.

In the mean time, I pursued my studies. I remember having finished there, in that dark little upper room, a treatise on mensuration, which I had begun at Haret Castle ; and I remember the triumphant joy wherewith I handed my father the last sheet. Altogether, the recollection of the three months which we passed there is not unpleasant. It was harvest-time, and I enjoyed it very much. There were several pensioned officers in the same house ; and I delighted hearing them relate their various campaigns.

At last, there came a letter which seemed to decide my father. A position was offered him in the city of W., — the education of five sons belonging to three families. We left the country where we had been shifting about during more than four years ; and on the 8th of September, 1820, we arrived in W. I remember very well

the strange impression which the paved streets and high-story houses made upon my unsophisticated mind. It seemed all like a prison. And I missed sadly the sweet liberty of country life, and my solitary rambles through fields and forest. But the greater loss was my father's constant personal instruction. Advanced beyond all his scholars, I could only enjoy his supervision of my studies.

It was happy that he had laid so solid a foundation. I went on steadily and zealously; for my twelfth birthday approached, and Cæsar's Commentaries were to be the prize for my diligence. And when it came, and a beautiful copy, with cheerful, encouraging inscription, was put into my hands, I began to translate it into French and German,—for thus my father made me study the modern languages; and I made extracts, and plans of Cæsar's campaigns, and Cæsar became my favorite author.

One of my father's pupils was the only son of the mayor of the city, formerly a captain of the engineers in the French Army. He was a gentleman of thorough scientific acquirements, benevolent and exquisitely polite, but weak in health since he received a wound in the pillage of the

town by the French during their last struggle to retain the country. This excellent man took great interest in me. Under his direction, I began a regular course of fortification ; and my progress in other branches allowed me to devote the most part of my time to these, for me, so attractive studies. My table was now constantly covered with maps and drawings ; and, although my worthy instructor died within a few months, I continued with unrelenting perseverance.

The town of W. was a strong fortification, surrounded by all the necessary outworks. There was also the ancient castle, used as a military prison. What suggested the idea, I do not know ; but, although just in my thirteenth year, I conceived the rather gigantic plan of measuring the whole, and making a map on a large scale.

I constructed my own chain and compass, and began with the principal rampart and bastions ; next, the outworks ; next, the whole town, with its public buildings ; next, the surrounding country, to the distance of two miles. The whole took me a year ; for none of my other studies I neglected, but gave them the lesser part of my time. Great was the astonishment of the people when seeing a slender boy walking and pacing

and measuring sedulously from morning till night, and marking and delineating it all in his notebook. My earnest steadiness created respect, even among those who were inclined to mock ; and, during that whole year, I do not remember having ever met with any thing disagreeable. But when some friends and acquaintances came to visit us, and saw progressively delineated, on a large map of some five feet square, the whole of the town and walls, and the minute detail of out-works and environs ; and when each found his house or garden or other localities, — the wonder was great, and the thing was much talked of. I remember having hurried my work to finish it before my fourteenth birthday, because my father wished me to mark under my name : “Æt. xiii.”

He was offered a place for me at the Military Academy for Cadets ; but this would oblige me to become an officer under the existing dominion, and he would not consent.

Nor did I care ; for, with wild enthusiasm, I looked beyond the limits of our country. Since two years, the War of Independence had begun in Greece. With what attention did I read the successive accounts ! Athens, Sparta, Corinth, Thebes, which until now had been the names of

glories long departed, seemed to rise again to life. I remembered that one of my lineal ancestors had defeated the Turks in the battle of Lepanto. My whole heart was in the contest; and all I wished was to be old enough to go there, and conquer fame. "When I am seventeen, will you let me go?" said I to my father. And he promised me I might. And I wrote down in short-hand all I could gather in the papers concerning the Greek War of Independence. I did so for three years, intending to write its history.

I had not yet finished my map of the city, when my father said, "Leno, you are progressing well in Latin. I see you read Cicero. It is well. But there is one thing you need." — "And what, papa?" — "You, who love the Greeks so well, — you don't know a word of Greek!" It was a stroke of light. A few books were procured; and I remember having studied day after day, till I found my way in the grammar of this complete and magnificent language.

In the mean time, all but one of the parents had, on account of losses, been obliged to withdraw their sons; and, my father's income being much reduced, he made up by translating several

English and German works. As I wrote a very distinct hand, I used to copy his translations for the press ; and so I remember having, besides my map-drawing and studying, copied two volumes ; one on the “Moral Improvement of Criminals,” another on “Political Economy.” My father was in this assisted by an old acquaintance, Prof. T. of the University of L. Seeing my good writing, he sent some Latin courses, as they used to be dictated in the colleges of law and medicine. I copied them ; and remember having risen regularly at four o’clock in the morning, not to lose all my study-time : yea, many a night I passed writing, when some copy had to be finished within a given time. And I see yet the first dollars, as from the loosened parcel they rolled on the table ! What a peculiar sensation made by that first money of my own earning ! Happy times, when in poverty I did not *feel* poor, and the privation of sleep, and often of a meal, did not affect me ! Happy times, when the growing faculties of mind seemed to defy external pressure, and the few years of my life offered nothing to regret, and little to repent !

CHAPTER VII.

THE MUSEUM.

AND thus I studied and copied until the year 1823 drew to an end. I was now fourteen years of age, and it became necessary to decide upon my future career. For, if I was to be a civilian, I was ready for the university; if a soldier's life was my choice, something else had to be done. And Professor T. sent one of his intimate friends, a most benevolent but shrewd gentleman, to probe me. With him I had an interview; and he urged the necessity of preparing for the university. To this I had no objection; but, in the mean time, I would not renounce the military glories. In vain he argued that the two could not go together. I came boldly forward with Cæsar and Agricola. At last, I nonplussed the good old gentleman: he could not make any thing of it; and, as I afterwards heard, he said that the youngster had such an unbounded ambition as to make all understanding impossible.

However, as my father's labors had become more and more literary, Professor T. advised him to remove to L., where he would be in a more congenial sphere, and where it was supposed that the very atmosphere of "Minerva's sacred halls" might induce me to relinquish my strong inclination toward the more warlike Pallas.

And thus we came, on the 1st of January, 1824, to the ancient city of L. Our first quarters were next to the University Building; and I must say, that I was favorably impressed with the venerable antiquity of the cloister walls, where, in 1575, William the Taciturn inaugurated the seat of European learning; the portraits of the Rectors Magnifici, which decorated the hall; and the curiously carved cathedras, from which so many luminaries of the learned world had spoken their oracles.

And when, on the anniversary of the illustrious university, coinciding with my own fifteenth, I heard the Latin oration of the Rector Magnus, and beheld the victorious competitors, in ancient costume, receiving the golden prizes, with commending speeches, under the more or less prolonged applause of their fellow-students, then I began to think that laurels could be gained at

the university ; and I resolved, if I became a student, once to be crowned with gold. And this favorable opinion was strengthened when I assisted at a promotion, as it is called, *more majorum*, “ according to ancient usage,” when the candidate, in gown and cape, during three days in succession, defends his dissertation and theses, the first day against any university professor, the second against any doctor, the last against any *civis academicus* or student. This severe trial, requiring for a youth considerable nerve, a wide range of learning, and great fluency in the Latin tongue, seemed to me almost as glorious as a battle.

I became acquainted with many professors and students, and had plenty of copying work ; and, as I made my copies with taste and intelligence, I was amply rewarded, increasing at the same time my stock of knowledge. The academical year beginning in September, I had several months to prepare myself. Meeting accidentally with an old copy of Milton’s “ Paradise Lost,” I began to apprehend *what* an epic poem was. With unbribled ardor I studied the Greek “ Iliad,” the Latin “ Æneid,” the French “ Henriade,” the German “ Messiad,” comparing them with the English

“Paradise Lost;” and I remember having come to the conclusion, that for invention, and sublime simplicity of language, the Greek “Iliad,” but for depth of thought and strength, as well as sweetness of expression, the English “Paradise Lost,” is superior.

Immediately after the university celebration above mentioned, I wished to surprise my father on his birthday with a Latin dissertation; and I chose the Life of Scipio Africanus. I wished to show him my desire of uniting learning with war-like pursuits. It was the dream of my youth, too intellectually trained for the mere material of a soldier's life; too fiery of temper, and too strained in ambition, for the peaceful avocations of a literary man, even in the cathedras of L. And I presented him, on the 1st of March, with a neatly bound volume, the writing as near like print as possible; and this little gift kept me from persevering in a by-way, which might have made my career even less satisfactory than it has been.

The University of L. is celebrated for its Museum of Natural History. I do not know if there is anywhere one on a grander scale. I do not believe so. I often used to wander in its spacious

galleries, and to admire the thousands of specimens of Nature's creation. The space, the order, the cleanliness, every thing delighted me. Now, there was a position vacant as assistant conservator ; and one of our acquaintances insisted that I should apply for the same. What induced my father or me to think of it, I cannot conceive ; for the remuneration was small, the prospects moderate, and I never had studied natural history. Perhaps the novelty had something to do with it. At all events, my father went with me to the conservator, a very cold and formal man, and presented me as a fit subject for the place. The conservator seemed well pleased ; but when my father, with pride excusable, though out of place, handed him the Latin dissertation, perhaps to show him that I was fit for better things, the man's feelings evidently changed. He did not wish so much learning ; he objected, &c. However, the agreement was concluded ; and on the following Monday I began my novel career.

Novel it was indeed. The sight of all these insects, spiders, bats, serpents, tigers, lions, and birds of all description, was very beautiful ; but their scientific names and classification I thought intolerable. However, if my principal had wished

to attract me, and to introduce me by degrees into the mysteries of this science, so new to me, I have no doubt but I would have worked it out with my usual ardor; and perhaps one day I might have satisfied my desire after adventure in some exploring expedition. But the Latin dissertation came to my help. That little book had absolutely disgusted my chief. He evidently wished to disgust me. He gave me, the first day, some thirty pages to copy of a catalogue of insects; the next, some fifty bottles to seal and label; and so on every day. I came home about four o'clock, thoroughly saturated with the abominations of the spirit-smelling dead-house, as it now seemed to me; and, when Monday morning came, I said, in a rather decided tone, "Papa, I do not want to go back: I can never be a naturalist." My father smiled, I believe rather approvingly; and, though afterwards one of my best friends was the succeeding conservator of the museum, I never meddled with his investigations and collections.

Thus the month of September approached, and with it the first great epoch of my life. On the 20th of the month, I was enrolled as a "citizen of the illustrious University of L." I

was decidedly the youngest of the six hundred ; rather small and slender in stature, but full of hope and determination. And when, the following day, I went to my first college, my father embraced me, and said, " This is an important day, my dear Leno : go with my blessing, and *remember !* "

This was my father's usual admonition. It was the epitome of, " Remember where you came from, and what you are to be,—the past and the future : the past, a line of noble ancestors ; the future, a fallen fortune to redeem."

Thus he used to speak to me in short sentences, which sunk deep in my heart, and even now seem to speak through the dim distance of times past.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE UNIVERSITY.

WE are naturally disposed to love best what we know best, or what is connected with the remembrances of our youth. What gray-haired scholar does not prefer his *Alma Mater* to any other seat of learning? And so do I, through the dim haze of a checkered life, behold my *Alma Mater* with all the affection of filial devotion. I may therefore be considered a little partial; but what I know of university life in Germany and France does not answer the beau ideal which L.'s antique halls have left me. Nowhere I have met with so much reality and simplicity, nowhere with the same untrammelled freedom, so utterly different from roughness and licentiousness.

But, although enrolled as a citizen of the university, my youthful pride received soon a terrible check; for there, as in most universities, the new-comer was considered as *green*, until it

pleased one of the various associations of older students to recognize him as a *student*. During this time of probation, he is subjected to an endless variety of vexations and humiliations. He has no right to wear cap or shirt-collars or whiskers, or any thing which might feed the "spirit of pride." He is obliged to doff his hat to any older student he meets. Implicit and unbounded obedience is his duty, day and night. Whatever task or labor is imposed upon him, he has to perform. No prank so foolish, no caper so absurd, but he has to do it at command. It is an old custom, and, as such, deep rooted; but it is decidedly a custom wherein the evil far exceeds the good it is intended to perform. The most plagued take their revenge the next year; and although I have seen the most confirmed dandies reduced to a state of pitiable humility, yet, as soon as the restraint was withdrawn, they returned to their old habits with an additional dose of peevishness and rancor. But, strange to say, during the ten years that I was a citizen of the *Alma Mater*, I never observed a case of revenge or continued hostility. The ceremony of reception seemed invariably to carry away all bad feelings.

After three months' intense suffering, my time came, and I was summoned to the Illustrious Senate *Intro ubique*. I was ushered into a small room, cold and dreary, where I was furnished with the subject of my Latin dissertation, which was to prove my fitness or unfitness to become a student. The subject was, "A Discussion between *Megalosomus* (large body) and *Micromorphus* (small form): which is to be preferred, a Large or a Small Stature?"

There I sat, without books or dictionary, the blank sheets of paper before me. As I was small, I soon decided to take the defence of my size; and, as I was just attending a course on Plato's Dialogues, I began steadily and sedulously, in the style of Socrates' discourses, to discuss the argument. Three hours was the time allotted; and I had scarcely put the finishing stroke to my work, when I was summoned before the Illustrious Senate. After a few moments of abuse, my essay was put into my hands, and I had to read it. I was a mere stripling, and the "senators" were old students; and although it was their customary duty to injure and abuse me, yet I could perceive a growing interest in these gentlemen. And, when I had finished, the pre-

sident arose, and, taking a cup of wine, he drank it to the health of the new student; and all congratulated me, and shook hands; and, having received my diploma, I left with feelings of more than common satisfaction. For I was aware that my earnest endeavor to do "the best I could" had conquered respect; and, during several weeks, my essay was in the hands of many.

And now I began to study with renewed zeal, and became a favorite with my professors. I was also introduced to the Chevalier V. A., professor of jurisprudence, who had been secretary to the Prince of the Netherlands; a man of eminent talents, great eloquence, and deep wisdom. He and Prof. T. became my chief protectors, and have ever since been my sincere and kind-hearted friends, not forgetting me, and, thirty-five years later, sending me written words of consolation and affectionate love.

And yet the friendship of these two good men has been the cause of a great failure in my career. Prof. T. wished me to perform my studies rapidly, and then to seek in the eastern colony of Java a career which might have redeemed our fortunes in less than ten years. The

chevalier, perceiving my decided talent for literature, wished me to become eminent therein, as well as in political sciences, with a view to the tutorship of the young princes of the Netherlands. And thus I was hesitating, and tried to combine what could not nor ought to be combined; and this laid the foundation, it is true, to wide and solid studies, but it broke the first ardor of impulse.

Yet Providence seemed to interfere, and to defeat at once the plan of Prof. T. It was the month of November, 1825, and I had entered my second university year, attending the lectures on Roman law, together with those on ancient literature. One night, I was studying, as was my custom, sitting opposite to my dear father, who employed himself in some literary work. It was midnight. All at once, my father's features contracted, he sank back in his chair, he laid his hand on his heart, and with the exclamation, "O God! what is this?" he remained motionless, and to all appearance dead.

I called for help, and ran to two physicians in our neighborhood. They bled him. He revived, but remained speechless, and paralyzed on the left side.

Whoever has had the patience to read these memoirs, may imagine my terror, my grief, my sorrow. Since ten years, my life had literally been wrapped up in his. I loved him, not only as a son ought to love his father, but even, if possible, more so. He had been all to me ; he had given all to me ; my whole existence seemed interwoven with his : and I wept bitter tears when I was told that this attack of apoplexy would probably return, and take him from me ; and I watched day and night, without intermission, and did not sleep for fourteen nights, until exhausted nature gave way to the pressing instances of the chevalier.

It was a long and tedious bed of sickness. After four weeks, he recovered his speech, and called me to his bedside, and said, —

“ Leno, I have done with this world. May your career be more useful and more prosperous than mine ! I have been deceived, bitterly deceived. They ought not to have nourished expectations which could not be fulfilled. But now I have done.”

And he ordered me to fetch him two bundles of papers. They were his secret correspondence, kept up to the very day of his illness.

With the exception of three letters, he ordered me to burn it all, and with it to forget whatever unfavorable impressions I might have received.

And so I did ; but I could not help lamenting so many years of anxiety and grief and useless struggle for a principle, which in the end had to be given up.

Four months elapsed before my father was able to leave his bed ; and even then he was and remained paralyzed on the left side. During that time and after, I divided my time between his care, three or four colleges which I continued, and many private lessons which I gave to my fellow-students as a means of supplying our increased wants.

For, through the influence of my professors, I made many acquaintances ; and, as there were always many German and English students, I early acquired the habit of speaking their languages.

And, in that time, I remember having once given a better proof of my enthusiastic love of liberty than of my prudence in political matters.

It was my turn publicly to answer various questions of examination in the historical lectures of the learned Prof. P. There were some

eighty students present. I sat at the end of the large hall. He reviewed the patriotic behavior of Timoleon, who, after having delivered his country from tyranny, retired to private life.

“Do you know, most worthy youth,” said the professor in his beautiful classical Latin, “with whom to compare Timoleon in modern history?”

He scarcely had ended his elegantly turned question, when, half rising from my seat, I roared at the top of my voice, —

“Cum Washingtonē Americano !”

The students were startled at my vehemence. The professor was a moment silent, and then said emphatically, —

“Bene ! valde bene ! imo optime !” (“Well ! very well ! yea, excellent !”) thus indorsing, as it were, my sentiment ; though my fellow-students had afterwards a better opinion of my smartness than of my prudence ; for it would not do, in a newly constituted monarchy, to manifest such strong approbation of republicanism.

How little could I think at that time, that, twenty years thereafter, I would seek an asylum in the country of Washington !

I was now in my eighteenth year ; and the next year I had to take my chance in what is called the conscription. Should I draw a low number, I must enter the army for five years ; our means being insufficient to procure a substitute. Let me be sincere, and confess that I secretly wished to be in the necessity of serving ; so great remained my desire for military position, notwithstanding my two-years' university life, and my father's dependent state of health. I must confess it ; and, besides the faculties of law and literature, I entered that of mathematics, so as to enable me to enter with advantage the artillery, should my number call me to the ranks.

And thus I studied hard and many things, and drew my lot, at any rate, without much concern. I drew so high a number, however, as to place me out of reach of conscription to all certainty. I remember the frantic despair of a young man who drew No. 4, and was, of course, bound to march immediately. I went home, and laid my No. 434 before my poor old father, whose tears ran fast when he beheld me, his only support and stay. And I must confess it, O my God ! my joy was not as great as it ought to have been ; nor did I feel as thankful as I ought to have felt

for the inestimable privilege of nursing him in his disabled condition.

For more than ten years, my mother's fortunes had been entirely separate from those of my father. With her usual strength and independence of character, she had formed an institute for young ladies, and succeeded in establishing a well-deserved reputation. My sister was always with her, and took part in her labors. It was now eleven years since I had seen them. Our correspondence was languid, though regular; and I heard that both were staying some time with a family at H., a city about ten miles distant from L. I could not resist the wish of seeing them, and went; and I found her as noble and as beautiful as ever, and my sister sweet and amiable. One day I spent with them, and returned with my sister, who came to see her father. Sweet are these recollections, though not without a mixture of grief; for we remembered the time when we were all together, and my brother was the life of the family. Now he was dead, and buried in a far-distant country; and our parents seemed dead to each other, though messages of mutual esteem were exchanged.

My studies were as varied as well could be, ranging through literature, jurisprudence, and the wide field of mathematical and physical sciences; and my time much employed in giving lessons, writing dissertations for those who had either no brains or no wish to do it themselves, reviewing books and translating others, yea, even indulging in the youthful presumption of writing a novel. Yet it became necessary to pass my examination as a candidate in the faculty of mathematical sciences; and, having done so, I began to think of competing for the golden prize by writing a dissertation on one of the prize-questions yearly proposed by the five faculties to all the academical citizens of the country.

I had just commenced to gather the materials, when the political horizon of Europe began to be portentous. In France, the July Revolution of 1830 drove the Bourbons from the throne; and, in Belgium, the long-gathering thunder-cloud burst suddenly. United to the Northern Provinces, they had most of the disadvantages and few of the advantages of this union. Differing in language, in religion, in national character, fifteen years had only imbittered the

feelings of the two nations; and what my father had often foretold me, as the natural consequence of misgovernment, finally did happen. The Dutch officials were expelled, the troops driven away, the authority of the Prince of Orange was rejected; although he tried very hard to espouse the cause of the rebelling provinces, and was, in consequence, obliged to go into voluntary exile to England.

Since the burning of his correspondence, my father had materially changed his views with regard to the Orange dynasty. High-minded and chivalrous, he did not stop half-way; but, in a political paper which he edited since two years, he very warmly supported the cause of Orange against Belgium. All the Northern Provinces were in a blaze. Volunteer companies were organized. The students of the various universities formed separate corps; and the University of L. was not behind the rest.

I shall never forget the scene. On the 13th of November, two hundred and fifty students, in marching costume, with blowing horns and flying colors, marched into the ancient Cathedral of St. Peter's. There the Venerable Academical Senate received them to give them a last farewell.

At the word of command, they halted, and forming a crescent, with shouldered arms, listened to the heart-stirring words of the Rector Magnificus, the Chevalier V. A. "He praised their loyalty. He regretted their departure, — the hope of many parents, the expectation of a country; but they went to avenge the cause of injured royalty, the cause of justice, the cause of Him who ruleth the battle. They would be remembered. They would live in the memory of their fellow-students; and, not least, in the memory of those who took their parents' place. The *Alma Mater* sent them forth with grief, but with the blessing of God."

Many were the eyes glistening with tears at that truly solemn moment. It was solemn, because all was *real*. For months they had been drilled into perfect discipline by experienced army officers, — their leaders. Their destination was a post of danger, where an invasion from the Belgian provinces was daily expected. They entered at once upon the duties of an active soldier's life; and when, leaving the church, they halted at the City Hall to receive the cartridges, paleness crept over the face of many a bystander. But, at the word of command, the company was

in motion, and marched in silence in the direction of the frontier; leaving the pursuits of peaceful Minerva for the arduous and dangerous duties at the outposts of G.

And my heart followed them; but, in the midst of my prize-answer, I had been unwilling to give up the hope of being crowned. The horn which daily called the forming company to the drill had not disturbed me in my assiduous labor; and so I worked until it was too late of thinking to join my fellow-students. And, on the first day of November, I sent my dissertation to the Secretary of the University. Not wishing, in case of failure, to disappoint my father, I had kept it secret from him; but now, my hands being free, the thought of entering the army pre-occupied me unceasingly.

Prof. T. urged my father's helpless condition. The Chevalier V. A. smiled at my idea, and advised me not to follow it. Why he smiled, I shall have occasion to explain hereafter; but, when I consulted my father, he remained immovable in his opinion, "*It was my duty to go.*" And so I went to the brave Major V. D., who was levying a free corps of chasseurs; and I offered my services. They were cheerfully ac-

cepted; and on the 1st of December, 1830, I embraced my dear father, and left for the frontier city of T., where my corps was organizing.

It was the first time I had ever left him; and, notwithstanding the natural buoyancy of my spirits, I must confess that it was a severe trial. But I left with him the excellent Prof. T., whose dwelling adjoined our quarters, and whose kind attention I knew. I left him; and his last "Remember!" sounded long in my ears.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ARMY.

Do my readers know what is a student's life? It is essentially what Cicero calls the climax of happiness, — *otium bene occupatum*, "leisure well employed." I was an early riser; perhaps, in this, an exception. At four o'clock I lighted my study lamp, and, until seven, went through my deepest studies. Then came a solitary breakfast; and from eight o'clock I visited the various lectures I had to attend. After noon, I had my private lessons. Towards three, I met my dear old father at a frugal dinner: then we had a pleasant chat. I took a walk with some fellow-student, paid a visit to one of the *Viri Clarissimi*, or took a cup of tea with some congenial friends; but at seven o'clock, like every *working* student, I was in my room, and *not at home*. This was the even tenor of our life, interrupted now and then by a Saturday's excursion or a supper at one of our learned professors'; and on Sunday, by the church-going

bell, when each one found out his favorite preacher; and you might see, in the ancient churches once devoted to Catholic worship, hundreds of young men, listening with respectful attention to sermons of from one to two hours' duration.

And *I* went there; for a *difficulty* which I had with one of my fellow-students led to a serious explanation with the chevalier, who, though a man of the court, and therefore of the world, was nevertheless a stanch advocate of Calvinism. And I began to see, that, with my stoic philosophy, I was *out of the way*: for in that country, O reader! *to belong to no church* is considered synonymous with infidelity; and to be an infidel is considered not only a lack of judgment, but even a reproach. "How do you know," said the chevalier in his vehement though polite manner, — "how do you know *that* not to be true which you don't know? And what right have you, through your *ignorant* unbelief, to offend others who are better instructed?"

And I remember how I quailed before his piercing eye, and felt the truth of his reproof. I had read the Scriptures, but with the intention of seeing nothing in them but a venerable record

of antiquity. And I had learned many things concerning the First Cause and man's creation and destiny; but of God's providence, and his relation to sinning creatures, — of the *scheme* of Christianity, in one word, — I was deeply ignorant.

I went to one of the theological lights of the time, and asked his advice. He recommended to me his work, "The Way of Salvation," in two volumes: and I left him discouraged; for he used many technical terms which I could not understand. My father smiled when I told him, and advised me to go to the French Walloon minister: "There you belong," he said, "and there you will be understood." And so it was. With courtly politeness, I was received at once as a catechumen; and, during a whole year, I never failed to go to my weekly lesson. I went through a regular course, learned a great number of texts, passed a very creditable examination before the consistory, made my profession on the following Sunday, and partook of the Lord's Supper. I was moved to tears, and wrote very edifying letters to my mother and sister. Yet, O my God! I remained estranged from thee, my Beginning and my End. Those tears and those burning words were the emotions of the carnal mind; and there-

fore time dried them up and blunted them, until, years and years thereafter, thou openedst the fountain of thy goodness and mercy unto thy servant.

Yet I believed, and, like all converts, sought to convert whom best I loved. And I persuaded my father to read the Scriptures, and procured him a Geneva translation in large type. It was my parting gift; and little did I think that in my absence it would work in him what as yet I knew only by name, — a slow but thorough conversion and reconciliation.

With these social habits and religious views, I arrived at T., and took my quarters in the barracks. It was a startling transition. Instead of the quietness of Minerva's city, the bustling turmoil of a frontier place; instead of the companionship of congenial, gentlemanly students, the forced society of rude volunteers from all classes and all quarters; instead of the dignified kindness of our learned professors, the rough and dictatorial harshness of sergeants and officers; instead of the delightful morning studies, the shrill *reveille* and morning roll-call; instead of the learned lectures and interesting experiments, the two hours' morning drill; instead of the sim-

ple but cheerful dinner with my old father, the onslaught, in companies of five, upon a pot of *radatouille*. Truly it was a great change. And when, on the second day, I had signed my name, and was thus enlisted as a soldier, to serve *as long* as the war should last, I felt as if I had done a rash thing, and wished the war to be of short duration. But my vexation increased when I perceived that I was not even considered as a volunteer. "What volunteer!" exclaimed an officer, who gave me a stern command, and whom I politely reminded of our being volunteers. "Here are no volunteers. You *were* a volunteer until you signed the articles; but, since, you are a soldier, and must *obey*." The man's logic startled me and others at first; but, after all, he was not wrong.

Most of the corps being old soldiers, the organization took little time; and we were sent to reduce a frontier province into obedience, which had begun to sympathize with the Belgians. This was a hard and in many respects a dangerous service. We were often divided into small bands, and had strict orders to keep our carabines loaded, and never to touch any food which had not previously been tasted by our hosts! Fana-

tical and ignorant, bitter and treacherous, they considered all means as fair; and many a chasseur was cut off, and never heard of afterwards.

One night, a small detachment was quartered in an extensive brewery. They were rich people, and considered as the most influential among the disaffected. It was a large and well-built house, with huge fire-places in the Flemish style. We were entertained with unbounded liberality; and the daughter of our host, a real Brabançonne beauty, drew not a little of our attention. Stately and proudly she moved among the rough soldiery, her dark eye flashing fire; nor did she heed the words of rude admiration. She sat down, and rested her beautiful head on a snow-white hand. Wine and beer were liberally given, and the men began to sing wild songs. The groups of inhabitants increased, and their sulky mien seemed threatening. There was something mysterious about the whole, which made me a keen observer of all that was going on.

I took my seat near the fascinating beauty, and heard her words of grief and wounded pride. The mother approached, a venerable, gray-haired lady; and with a suppressed sigh sat down, apparently exhausted with fatigue. My name was

called ; and, as I answered the interpellation, the mother, who had been looking at me with attention, was startled. She laid her hand on my shoulder, and asked with deep emotion, "Who is your father?" And, when I named him, she fell back in her chair, and exclaimed, "Blessed Virgin ! it is he !" And she told me how this village had belonged to my ancestral patrimony, and how I had often been there when yet a little child ; and she took my two hands, and, looking steadily in my face, exclaimed with the fondness of prolix old age, "Is it you indeed, — you, the son of that good and generous man ?"

At this moment, the song of the chasseurs rose wild in the spacious halls ; a shrill whistle pierced the outside darkness ; and the daughter turned her proud head, and said in a tone of deep emotion and heartfelt pity, "Mother, if you *will* save him, do it *now*, or it will be *too late*."

I rushed to the commanding sergeant, and whispered impetuously into his ear, "Call the men off, or we are lost !" And, seizing the horn-blower's horn, he ran to the door, already thronged with people, and blew the startling alarm-blast.

In a moment, the chasseurs, accustomed to sudden appeals, were on their feet, and, carabine in

hand, fell into the ranks. The sergeant rapidly counted his men ; and the small detachment marched, with blowing horn, to headquarters. If we were surprised, our lurking enemies were more so. Their treacherous attempt was defeated ; for, if it was easy to surprise a few men whilst luxuriating in drink and good cheer, it was not so when in the open field and on their guard.

I need not say that I was deeply moved by the sudden occurrence. It was a hairbreadth escape. To all the questions of the sergeant, I answered that I would myself report to the commander. His friendship I enjoyed ; and some letters, imprudently sent by my father in a newspaper, having accidentally come to his notice, he had been struck by the tone of love and confidence between father and son, and since treated me with marked distinction. I reported to him what I had seen and heard, without involving the owners of the house, but rather leaving the impression that we owed our safety to their warning.

One morning, in the month of January, I returned to the guard-house, having accomplished my two hours' duty as sentinel, the last two of the allotted twelve, when the sergeant remitted me two letters. The one was from my father. I tore

it open. It began with words of joy and blessed happiness. His son had carried the golden prize. The chevalier and Professor T. had called upon him, and communicated the happy intelligence, which, like the latter rain upon a parched soil, came so unexpectedly, so refreshingly, to gladden his lonely old age.

And it was so. I opened the other letter: it was from the secretary of the faculty of mathematical and physical sciences, instructing me, that "to a prize-answer signed with the motto, *Quocunque oculos*, &c., the faculty had awarded the golden medal; and that, on opening the sealed ticket, my name having been found, I was summoned to appear on the seventh day of February, before the Faculty, to give further proof of being the author, and, this being satisfactory, to receive, on the following day, the prize of my diligence."

And I must say, that my first thought was of my father and of his joy; the next was that of gratified ambition. For once, I had succeeded in uniting military honor with the achievement of literary fame. A soldier in what was deemed the cause of loyalty, I should receive the academical palm.

And when, that same day, we had to march some twenty miles through heavy rains and muddy roads, and, at the end of our toil, found only toward midnight our forlorn, miserable quarters, I felt very little fatigue, very little hunger; and, when I lay down on the scanty straw, I believe I dreamed of my father, of L., of the prize-answer, and of the medal.

Yet there was a drawback in my felicity. We were in a hostile country, in active service. How could I expect to obtain leave of absence, even for a few days? And my father, foreseeing the difficulty, expressed the opinion that I should not leave my corps, unless the circumstances were entirely favorable.

And it was not until the 3d of February, when we had just performed a wearisome march, that, towards midnight, I went up to the quarters of my commander, and exposed my dilemma.

"I give you leave," he said, "but under one condition; and that is, that you will receive the medal in your soldier's uniform."

I never promised any thing more gladly. It was all I wished. And, on the following day, I set out, with knapsack and carabine; and arrived on the 7th in L., in time to undergo the

necessary examination, to rest from my journey, and to pass a happy, happy day with my father. It was the last day of my twenty-first year: the next would be my anniversary, — the day of my coronation, the day of Pallas and Minerva!

CHAPTER X.

ACADEMIC HONORS.

YOUTH is generous, and, when not narrowed by the trammels of fashionable life, a liberal appreciator of merit and honor. When, on the 8th of February, I had donned, with more than usual care, my graceful chasseur's uniform, and, with my father's wishes and blessing, went to the antique University Hall, I met a crowd of hundreds of my fellow-students; and many were the cheerful congratulations whilst I passed into the senate-room. There I found half a dozen of noble young men, who, in court-dress, were waiting the signal for the procession; and one of L.'s oldest students, who, like myself, in soldier's uniform, was about to receive his crown. And the beadles came with their stately staves, and with sonorous voice sang out, "*Hora est audita!*" And the Rector Magnificus took the lead, followed by the grave professors in their flowing robes; and next came we, the two soldiers, to

whom the honor of precedence was given ; whilst the other victors in the noble battle of mind and learning closed the train. And, whilst the rector ascended the highest cathedra, the professors took their seats on each side, the doctors behind them, and we on the first bench opposite the rector. The large hall was filled to overflowing with students ; and the high galleries, with ladies and other spectators. And my heart beat high, and I wished to have met my father's gaze and satisfied smile ; but he was in his humble room, disabled and an invalid.

After a silence of reverent expectation, the rector began his discourse on "The Immoderate Strife after Liberty, the Cause of Europe's Calamities." In glowing language, with an eloquence and a Latinity worthy of Cicero, he depicted the miseries entailed on Europe by the hazardous attempts, in Poland, Italy, Spain, France, and Belgium, to overturn the existing dominions. The chevalier (for it was he) was an ardent champion of "the divine right of kings ;" and he had, at that time, the majority in his favor. But the noble-hearted Prof. T., though devoted to the reigning dynasty, was liberal at heart, and, unable to control his feelings, arose, and said

with his own peculiar emphasis, "*Protesto!*" The audience respected the silver-haired professor's independence; and the chevalier, with a smiling "*Licetum!*" proceeded, and was covered with a thundering applause; a tribute, I believe, more to his matchless eloquence than to the principles which he so ably defended.

Then the academic secretary arose, and read the detailed criticisms on each of the prize-answers sent; and, when he sat down, the rector called the first, who happened to be my fellow-soldier, and, in a graceful address, remitted to him the prize of learning and diligence. Little did he think, when, the hand raised in military salute, he stood before the rector, that, as Governor-general of Netherlands' India, he would, for five years, have absolute dominion over fourteen millions of subjects, and return to his country loaded with wealth and honors!

When my own turn came, I was paralyzed by contending feelings. The rector had to repeat three times his whispered invitation, "*Accede ad hanc cathedram;*" and, when I stood before him, the chevalier's eye was glistening with emotion (for he loved me truly and verily); and with a voice, which, from pathetic tenderness,

rose gradually to the highest pitch of power, he said, —

“I just now praised filial piety, which, of all virtues, I think the most amiable. How must I feel affected when beholding thee, O most beloved Leno! whom I wish to commend to all thy fellow-students as the true and express image of true filial piety? Thou art the only consolation, the only support, of an infirm father, old in age, and afflicted by adversity. The hours which others use to pass in pleasure, or relaxation of the mind, thou spendest in nursing and fostering and sustaining thy father. Receive, then, this prize of honor, O parent-nursing son! Such as I know thee toward thy father, such wilt thou be toward thy country. Of this hope, the prize which thou hast carried, and the military dress wherein thou appearest, seem to be a sure and double pledge.”

Oh the double crown which on that day I received! For, truly, the wreath which so great and good a man twined around my youthful head in words of eloquent approval was greater, far greater, crown to me than the golden prize which he put in my trembling hand.

And, staggering with emotion, I descended

the steps, whilst a threefold applause burst from my fellow-students ; a proof that they were generous sons, and that many of them would have done as well, or better, if placed in the same circumstances.

And for these circumstances I bless thee, O my God! the Fountain of my existence. For, if I had lived in wealth or moderate riches, the little good which was in me could not have been brought out ; and the evil which was in me, thou knowest it, might have overgrown the good.

To thy honor, then, have I recorded these words of commendation : for to thee I owe the good, and to thee the occasion of growing in it ; and, by thy will and dispensation, this man became the messenger of thy approval.

And having given my father the remainder of the day, and seen that all was right concerning his comforts, and recommended him to the care of the honest people where we had our rooms, I packed on the following morning my knapsack, and, arrayed in marching costume, stood before my father, whose tears ran fast with joy and sorrow, and truly received his blessing, and began my long and wearisome march to the

frontier. For I had spent much money in hastening to see him, but now I had to save; and, with reluctant steps, I marched several days, till, on the 13th of February, I discovered the walls of Bois-le-Duc, where my corps was quartered.

It was nearly night, a frosty winter night, when I passed Fort Isabel. Its high walls and threatening cannon brought strange remembrances to my mind. For there my great-grandfather had commanded in the war with Louis XV.; wherein, at his own expense, he brought four companies in the field, and led them in the battle of Fontenoy, and cheered them in the murderous charge, under grape-shot and grenades, with, "*Never mind the pease, my men! never mind!*" And the States, to reward his services, intrusted to him Fort Isabel, the key of Bois-le-Duc, itself the key to the Northern Provinces. Leaning on my carabine, I gazed at the massive walls, and thought how strangely our fortunes had fallen; and I thought of my poor disabled father in his scantily furnished room at L., and of my mother, and of my sister, and of my brother buried on the other side of the Atlantic, until the drum and fife and the

long-drawn note of the chasseurs' horns awakened me from my reverie. It was the tattoo; and I had to hasten my step to reach the gate in time.

The following morning, we marched from Bois-le-Duc to the frontier of Brabant. There was at that time an armistice concluded between the two belligerent parties. The Belgians had received a king. They organized their country, it must be said, with amazing rapidity. Yet it took some time before the *blouse*, that emblem of the July Revolution, was banished from their ranks. Their unruly bands used to make continual invasions in our territory. We were kept in perpetual alarm; and once a hundred volunteers were asked, I believe, to help in teaching them a lesson. They were soon mustered, and marched to the frontier line, and there encamped. Mutual transgressions over the line were of daily occurrence. There was an inn situate on the line, which ran through the bar-room; a black stripe on the floor marking the separation between the two hostile territories. And there the officers and soldiers used to repair, and, each keeping his ground, to empty many a glass to each other's success. One morn-

ing, it was known that a large body of marauders would pass the line. A detachment was sent in ambuscade ; whilst the commanding officer went to the inn, where he was sure to find the Belgian chief. With friendly discourse, he kept his attention engaged until a few gunshots startled him.

“What is that ?” cried he.

“Nothing, monsieur,” said the officer, “but a few shots in honor of your soldiers, who have become our guests.”

And thus we passed the spring, until we were directed to Tilburg ; where soon the headquarters were established, and the bulk of the army began to be concentrated. The Prince of Orange had returned from England, and assumed the supreme command. From all quarters, troops began to arrive ; and we heard that another division was organizing under the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, and a third under Gen. Van Geen. An invasion of Belgium was at hand ; and with cheerful expectation we waited for the order, “Forward !”

During all that time, I read diligently the classics, which, in miniature form, I carried in my knapsack. I remember having read through

Virgil and Horace, and still reverence the little books for the pleasure they afforded me during many an hour of solitary watch. And with my father I kept a regular correspondence. His letters were full of love and confidence. There was a work going on in him, which then I could not understand. "The Bible," he said, "I gave him, was a treasure ; it had become his daily morning bread." And soon he asked for the Holy Communion ; and, leaning on the arm of a faithful servant, he came to the church publicly to confess the divinity of Him whom so long he had only revered as a human teacher. Thus didst thou, O God ! visit his patient loneliness, and sweeten the last days of his troubled life.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BATTLE OF LOUVAIN.

WAR has two sides, — the preparation and the execution. If it were not for the bloody scenes and unspeakable miseries of the last, the first might be said to have its attractive beauties. Thousands of men in the freshness of youth, variously equipped, and skilfully banded together in companies and battalions and regiments and brigades and divisions, moving and contracting and extending, like an immense body animated by one spirit and obeying one leader, with the rapidity and precision wherewith we are accustomed to move the mechanism of our body at the command of our mind, — it is indeed a masterpiece of moral and physical power ; it is an exhibition of harmony, which cannot but leave an impression of grandeur, until the horrors of a battle-field withdraw the curtain, and show the demon of war in its unutterable hideousness.

The Prince of Orange had arrived at the head-

quarters of Tilburg. He ordered a review of the first and second divisions, — together about twenty-four thousand men strong. At daybreak, we marched to the place of rendezvous; and about noon we had formed our lines. The Prince passed in sweeping gallop, followed by a numerous staff; and then, taking his stand about the middle of the immense line, he gave words of command. The generals took up his order in long-drawn tones, and the colonels repeated it with stern distinctness; until, at the last emphatic syllable, one tremendous clash brought twenty thousand muskets to the shoulder. Another command was given, and in a few moments the immense lines were ranged in serried columns. Soon we heard another command still ringing over the extensive plain; and a rattling sound, like distant thunder, announced the approaching cavalry. It swept by in huge masses, — two thousand cuirassiers with their glittering armor like a beam of light in the brilliant sunshine, and the hussars with their waving plumes and picturesque dolmans, and the lancers with their gay and variegated streamers. At the third command of “*Halt!*” repeated at intervals, the rushing mass stood motionless; and, for a few

moments, there was a breathless silence. But soon command followed command, and with dashing speed the flying-artillery broke through between the cavalry and ourselves. Clouds of dust followed their passage ; and it was scarcely allayed when we perceived that the defile had commenced. And when our turn had come, and we had vented our patriotism in a hearty "*Hurrah!*" we marched back to our quarters, where we arrived at night, with the prospect of one day's rest, and then "*Forward!*"

The Belgian Government relied for its security upon two armies, — that of the Scheldt, in the west, under the orders of Gen. Tiecken, and that of the Meuse, in the east, under Gen. Daine. The Prince of Orange marched straight between the two. We took Turnhout, the scene of the heroism of Prince Mauritius of Orange ; and my fellow-students of L. fought a hard battle at Beringen, where two of the noble company fell, and several were wounded. When, at Gheel, the Prince had established his head-quarters, it needed all the confidence which he inspired ; for we were enclosed between two powerful armies. But it was in vain that Gen. Daine tried to effect a junction with the army of the

Scheldt. Battle after battle was fought, city after city taken ; and we entered Diest.

I shall never forget that morning's march. It was harvest-time, and the surrounding country seemed to exult in the endless variety of its surpassing beauty. All along the roadside, the peaceful dwellings of the humble peasants were empty and deserted ; and in the distance we could see them fleeing with what they could carry off. It was, to me at least, a painful sight. Hardened indeed must be the man who can see a single human being suffering, and not sympathize : what, then, if he is part of a force which spreads terror and desolation amongst the defenceless ? Wagon after wagon passed, filled with mutilated soldiers ; for it was a short but continuous struggle. For them I felt ; but I knew that my turn might come. But the sight of mothers carrying their babes, and of children fleeing with their scanty possessions, humbled me, — pained and mortified me.

We encamped out of Diest ; for our corps was in the vanguard, and it was my turn to be on watch. Far away and scattered were the outposts ; and, when at night I stood sentinel, I could clearly see the enemy's vedettes. I stood behind

a cornfield, and kept wide awake: for it was rumored that Gen. Daine intended that night to make a last attempt to break through, and join the western army; and, in cases of sudden attack, the outposts are first to be silenced.

I saw a shadowy form moving in the waving stalks, and the faint glimmering of a bayonet; and, levelling my carabine, I cried, "*Werda!*" and, receiving no answer, I fired. Reloading immediately, I kept ready; when a sudden dash was made near the same place. I fired a second time; heard an exclamation; and was glad when a corporal and two men came at a running pace to my relief. The post was doubled. We heard many distant gunshots, but remained unmolested until daybreak; when, searching the spot, we found the traces of a hiding-place and of blood.

The same day, Gen. Daine began to retreat. The Duke of Saxe-Weimar intercepting him, his flight soon became disastrous; and we had done with the army of the Meuse.

And now the Prince of Orange resolved to march upon Louvain. Long before daybreak, we were called to the ranks. There was no noise of drum or horn. In deepest silence, our vanguard was despatched to clear the way. For

some time, we followed the *chaussée*: then we turned to the left, — a narrow path up hill. We had scarcely entered it, when a gun was fired behind. It was a sentinel, who gave the alarm too late; being surprised by our cautious march. Less awake than I had been on a similar occasion, he paid his drowsiness with death; for he was shot whilst retreating. And when, some days thereafter, we passed the same road, we found him on the spot, — a tall and handsome youth; and the chasseur who shot him quietly took off his shoes, and put them on in exchange for his own, which had seen long and hard service.

We continued our ascent; and, having reached the summit of the hill, extended *en tirailleurs* along a hedge. We were received with a well-sustained fire, obliged to rejoin our column, and pushed on. Extending again, we had the whole line of *tirailleurs* before us. Some of our men fell; and the cry of "*Cavalry!*" threw a momentary panic among them. Retreating upon the chief column now advancing, we rallied, forming a separate body; and became entangled in a hollow way, when a galling fire carried off half a dozen of our best men. A swarm of hostile chasseurs covered the hill above us, and our

position became critical. We fortunately got out of the hollow road, and found refuge behind a low mud wall. We were about fifteen left; and I observed that our lieutenant took a lengthy draught from his field-bottle. The enemy descended the hill, and we fired with indefatigable rapidity. We had the advantage of a good mark and a shelter. A heavy mist came to our help. We heard on the other side of the hill the canons roaring. Suddenly, the enemy, who had until now slowly descended, turned, and retreated in haste. Following the direction of the cannon, we soon emerged from our isolated position, and rejoined our corps, who had given us up for lost.

The battle had now fairly begun. Our grape-shot did terrible execution on two regiments occupying the centre of the enemy's position. We were ordered to attack their left flank. They disputed the ground, inch by inch. During more than two hours, we advanced steadily, giving and receiving fire. This kind of fight often became personal. I remember having followed the same chasseur, a huge and bearded fellow, for perhaps a quarter of an hour, exchanging more than six shots; until my bullet brought death to him, re-

lief to me. And I remember the cool reflections of my companion ; for *tirailleurs* go always two by two : “ You will not hit him ! Too high ! Now take your chance ! ”

A cry was raised, “ The Prince is killed ! ” It was a false alarm. He had a horse shot under him ; but, immediately mounting another, we soon saw him in full gallop, followed by his staff. I shall never forget the cheerful smile, with which, waving his hand, he cried to us, “ Well done, chasseurs ! we shall soon be in Louvain ! ” On he rode under a hail of cannon-balls ploughing the earth, and raising dust enough to hide his white plume from our sight. But on he rode until he reached the Peltenberg ; and thence with his spyglass surveyed the enemy’s position.

There lay the ancient city of Louvain before us. But, on the plain between, the enemy had concentrated all his forces ; and a formidable array of artillery extended in front of the city. Our troops halted on the declivity of the hill. I suppose the Prince foresaw great loss of life, should he continue the attack ; and he waited for the co-operation of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, who, by a circuitous route, was to turn the city. But, as it was, it was a severe trial ; for

the enemy's artillery thundered unceasingly. There I saw the regiments of the Frisian militia standing immovable, with shouldered musket, under the most galling fire; there I saw the same cannon-ball taking off one man's feet, another's legs, and a third's head, according as they stood on the declivity. The same shot carried off the leg of the brave Col. Gaillere and that of his son, both of the cuirassiers. But the whole army remained immovable, except the artillery; and the Prince stood with his staff, motionless, as if bidding defiance to their endeavors.

At last, a flag of truce was seen advancing; and the British *chargé d'affaires*, Sir Robert Adair, requested the Prince to grant an armistice; adding the information, that a French army of fifty thousand men had come to the rescue of Belgium. "I shall take Louvain," answered the Prince, "and see about the French." Another half-hour of firing ensued, when the distant thundering of heavy cannon announced Saxe-Weimar's approach. There was now a stir in the whole army; and we expected the order of "Forward!" when a second flag of truce appeared, and an officer was led blindfolded before the Prince. An armistice was conceded, under

the condition, that, the following day, our troops should enter Louvain with flying colors.

It was four o'clock. Fatigued, we took our positions for our bivouac. That night I slept well and soundly; but I know I never thought of thee, my God, nor of thy mercy in preserving me, nor of the work in which I had been engaged.

In the morning, when the roll was called, twenty-six were missing of the two hundred and fifty; and there was a gloom over all, for many of these men were brave and good. The rest of the day was spent in repose, and in visiting the venerable city of Louvain. I did not go. I felt as if I could not enjoy the hard-bought, and, after all, useless triumph over a people who had been misguided, and galled into insurrection by misgovernment. I began to doubt the motives of this invasion; for, at twelve miles' distance from the capital, we were arrested just in point of time by a French army superior in numbers. The Prince of Orange, contented, it would seem, with having recovered his lost popularity, agreed to leave the following day with a victorious army, the fruit of a campaign masterly combined and strenuously achieved. "We leave to-morrow!"

we said in astonishment: "we return the same road we came! Why not fight these Frenchmen? Why retire as if we were not in the territory of the lawful king?"

And, when the ranks were formed, the commander read an order of the day, wherein the Prince expressed his satisfaction, and gave reasons, plausible but not convincing, for our retreat. It was, I remember it well, received with sullen silence; and when the command was given, "Forward, march!" one of our spokesmen exclaimed, "Say, rather, '*Backward, march!*'"

We were quartered along the frontier, when I heard that my mother and sister were at H.; and my heart longed to see them. I obtained furlough for a week, and hastened to H. I arrived the day before their departure; and thence I hastened to L. to my father.

I found him well, though visibly affected by my long absence. Thin and shadowy, his corporeal frame seemed to be kept alive only by his vigorous, clear, and kindly spirit; for all the bitterness and rashness which sometimes used to overtake him was gone, and his heart seemed thoroughly filled with the consoling doctrine of his Redeemer. It was evident, that, during the

absence of the son of his hope, he had sought and found the abundant riches of the Son of God. Thus, from evil, Thou knowest how to draw the highest good: for the rough and rude soldier's life was to me an evil; but to him the solitude was a blessing, wherein he sought and found the pearl of infinite price.

And though Thou withdrewest from me, or rather I from Thee, and many years elapsed, wherein in blindness I knew Thee not, and in wickedness I often denied Thee, yet Thou hadst marked the appointed time wherein the son should come to Thee, as the father did before. Truly Thou art merciful, and our life is hidden,—hidden in Thee, the Fountain of all life!

The truce signed by the Prince of Orange was ratified by the king; and a voice went up through the length and breadth of the country, "Let the thousand sons of our universities, the flower of our nation, the hope of so many parents, return from the army. If necessary, they will be ready for action; but, until then, let them return to the noble strife of mind and talent."

The king decreed that all the students in the army should have an indefinite furlough. Great were the preparations made for the reception of

these youthful bands ; and I must confess, that when, myself in uniform, I went to meet my fellow-students, the sight of the two hundred and fifty chasseurs of L., dusty and soiled and fatigued with the long march, and having passed a year in the privations and hardships of warfare, and recently gone through a severe ordeal of fire, — I must confess, that it moved me.

They marched straight to the ancient St. Peter's Cathedral ; and, when arrived in the middle of the spacious nave, they halted, and with a thunder-clap the muskets were brought down. There stood again the venerable Rector Magnificus with the Illustrious Senate ; and a touching address welcomed them home to the *penates Palladis*. It recalled to my mind the imposing scene of their departure. Thus this youthful band began and ended their career in the house of God. But then the scene was saddening, though sublime : now it was gladsome and cheering. A band of youthful maidens, arrayed in white, advanced ; and one of them, in the name of all, presented to each soldier a medal, bearing the simple inscription, " Grateful testimonial of the maidens of L. to the faithful defenders of their country's rights." Pleasing is the remembrance ; and, though in my

wanderings I have lost many tokens of affection or honor, the bronze medal, handed by the Virgins of Minerva's City, is still in my possession.

The remainder of the day was devoted to banqueting and joyful intercourse; whilst in the evening the illuminated streets and dwellings testified to the joy of all the inhabitants. But, when the morning came, the uniform and muskets were carefully laid aside, and Minerva's sons resumed the quiet tenor of a life devoted to study and learning.

CHAPTER XII.

TWO SISTERS.

I took up my studies with renewed zeal, — all the lectures and lessons for the *doctoral* examination in mathematical sciences and natural philosophy ; which being passed successfully, the candidate becomes a *doctorandus*, at any time entitled to gain the doctor's degree by the public defence of an approved dissertation, written in Latin, on an appropriate subject. These studies and lectures were many, and deeply interesting ; and, when my father was taken with a repeated attack (as he had often been), I joined to them the duties of editing his paper. But, after two or three months, I found it difficult to combine studying and editing ; and I requested him to resume the journal. I would not have done so years before ; and, even now, bitterly do I regret it. For he was old and feeble, and unfit for the task ; but I had become more selfish and less sacrificing. I remember it now with

sorrow ; and many things I do remember, which were the consequence of increased knowledge, self-importance, and independence.

About that time, the chevalier returned from the headquarters of the army, where he had been actively engaged as private secretary to the Prince of the Netherlands. I went to see him, and plainly told him my disappointment at the result of our campaign.

“My dear friend,” said he with his usual smile, “I knew it before. The campaign, the French intervention, the subsequent agreement, the retreat, — I knew it before you heard the command of ‘Forward!’ and nothing more was intended than what was obtained.”

I remained silent. The thousands of lives lost ; lives of brave militia-men, who had left their homes and families ; lives of promising sons, who had loyally left their peaceful avocations ; and the heaps of slain, as I passed them on the last day of battle ; and the groans of mothers and widows, — it all took shape and form in my youthful mind, naturally generous and compassionate. *All that* to re-establish the lost popularity of the king’s heir ! And I understood the chevalier’s smile, when I

spoke of leaving for the army, and his actual silence whilst turning the leaves of a "Plutarch" he was perusing; and my dream of military honor and glory was *gone*, — *gone for ever!*

"Amice," said the chevalier, "you are of military family; and, as I perceive, you have been honored by your commander. If you wish it, I have it in my power to procure you an officer's rank in the staff."

"Chevalier," said I, "I thank you. I have done my duty, and wish to remain with my aged father. I thank you."

And, when I had scarcely spoken these words, the Count George de C. was ushered in, himself once a soldier in the L. company, and now promoted to the stepping-stone to further honor.

I took my hat, and went home to my dark back-room; where, pondering over my mathematics, I tried to forget my destroyed illusions. And I remember that my heart was soured, and that, for the first time, the reality of life commenced to dawn.

Then I began to be restless and dissatisfied, and sometimes harsh and unkind; and, when my father was taken so ill as to make me fear his end was approaching, my sister came to

nurse him, and remained several days. Once I answered her in a thoughtless manner, and she broke out in tears ; and, dissatisfied with myself, I did not know what to amend, nor how. For I did not know thee, O God ! the fountain of true love and charity ; and all my learning and studies did not teach me any thing, until it pleased thee to draw me by the affection of sweet and innocent children. Thus, reviewing my life, it now appears to me ; though at that time it seemed mere accident and chance.

Autumn came, and the leaves began to fall ; and the chilly cold increased my mental depression. Seated before a table covered with mathematical papers, I was looking with listless apathy through the open window. There was nothing to cheer my eye, — a brick-paved courtyard, surrounded by a high wall, and three or four tall poplars at the end, with some gooseberry-bushes between ; and there came a little girl, slender, and with fair and waving locks. She moved up and down, with paper and pencil in her tiny hand, and seemed to make an attempt at sketching ; and, perceiving that I observed her, she drew nearer and nearer, as children are apt to do. I loved her sweet and gentle manner,

and took her paper, and drew on it; and she copied, leaning against the window-sill. I asked her who she was. She said, —

“ My name is Eleonore; and I have a sister named Adelaide, two years younger; and we live with our mother in this house.”

I asked her to come into my study; and, giving her a seat and model and sheet of paper, requested her to try, and directed her small and flexible fingers, and observed her intelligent, beautiful profile. She had evidently a genial disposition; and I promised to give her daily a lesson. When, the following day, she was gravely established at my writing-table, her younger sister made her appearance on some errand from her mother. If I had been struck by the transparent beauty of Eleonore, the fresh and modest face of Adelaide, with her large blue eyes incased in dark and silky lashes, seemed like the personification of childhood's holy innocence. In Eleonore, I could not but admire the transparency of refined intellect: in Adelaide, there was something more and deeper still. It was the transparency of an honest, truthful heart, with its hidden treasure of unconscious goodness and elastic cheerfulness.

Such were these children. I made the acquaintance of their mother. Married at an early age, Mrs. R. was left with two infant daughters, when her husband, a captain in the French Army, was ordered to Russia. He was reported among the slain; and his young and beautiful widow mourned his loss during three years: for he was a brave and handsome soldier, and a devoted husband. Nothing could induce her to give her hand away; and she continued to wear the external apparel of mourning, even as she mourned for him in the loneliness of her desolate heart.

One evening, toward dusk, she walked home, holding by each hand a little daughter. She slowly ascended the double flight of steps leading to the front-door; when, on the other side, an unknown person, with heavy beard, and wrapped in furs and cloak, ascended; and both stood before the entrance. The mother, though herself startled at the sudden apparition, spoke quieting words to one of the frightened children. Then the unknown one, recognizing the well-beloved voice, and unable to contain his rapture, exclaimed, "*Bertha!*" and clasped his wife in his arms, and carried her fainting into the house.

It was himself indeed ! Made a prisoner by the Cossacks, he had been transported to the wilds of Siberia ; and, after many fruitless attempts, contrived to make his escape. After his return, and his re-union with his family, he served faithfully in the army of King William ; and was just promoted to the rank of commander of a battalion, when he was taken ill at Tournay ; and his iron frame, which had never known illness, sank rapidly, leaving his widow with six children. Three of them were married ; an only son was in military service ; and, at the outbreak of the Belgian Revolution, she was forced to flee with her two little daughters, one of ten and one of eight years, and took up her abode in L.

I see her yet, in her dignified widowhood, gently moving, and directing her two little girls ; the only treasures left of a life passed in the blessedness of a happy marriage. And I see yet her pleasant smile and glistening eye, when, reverently standing before her, I spoke words of praise and admiration, and asked leave to be the instructor of little Eleonore ; and she consented, and had confidence in me ; for I was serious and well-meaning.

I had given private lessons for years and years, but never liked it. The business of teaching seemed uncongenial with my natural disposition; and even the professor's cathedra had not the slightest attraction for me. But when my intelligent Eleonore began to progress in drawing and German and history, and there was a true response of mind to mind, I became to her what my father had been to me. I gave her what I had and knew; and she looked up to me with the same unbounded confidence wherewith I used to look up to him. In my walks, she was my sweet companion; and her questions and answers awakened in me a sense of the teacher's office in its "abstract" beauty. The educational works of Campe and Saltzman and De Genlis, I studied now with the ardor of real enthusiasm.

Thus a fresh impulse was given to my depressed spirit; and, when spring approached, I tore up the brick pavement of the courtyard, and laid out a cheerful garden with shrubs and flowers, and a bower on the sunny side, where, resting in an easy arm-chair, my dear old father sometimes enjoyed the semblance of nature. And the sweet Adelaide, his favorite of the two,

used to stand near him ; and her innocent, merry talk found an ever-ready response in his cheerful, childlike fondness.

Thus I passed 1832, studying, and, besides, performing literary labor. For, in that year, I translated the "Political Works" of Pölitz, and the "Letters from Paris" of Raumer ; and, when the academical year was at an end, I passed my doctoral examination ; and, henceforth free from lectures and colleges, I began to prepare my inaugural dissertation.

But, in the spring of the following year, we moved from the city to one of the suburbs ; where, with Mrs. R. and her two little daughters, we leased a most delightful garden. And my father gave up his journal, and indulged the oftener his fondness for instructing Adelaide ; whilst I, in the midst of physical experiments, and heaps of books and papers, took more and more interest in the gradual development of Eleonore.

A happier little household there could not be. It was to be the last year of my father's life ; and it seemed that God had sent the fragrant holiness of childhood to smooth his pillow, and to soften his feelings more and more.

CHAPTER XIII.

CONFLICT AND SEPARATION.

THE remembrance of happy days is sweet and painful ; for the sweetness remains like a fragrance. But then they come to an end ; and the end leaves a void, which even the sweetness of memory cannot fill.

Day by day, I progressed in my dissertation ; day by day, I could rejoice in the happy development of my eldest pupil, Eleonore. Besides the educational works which I have mentioned, I began to study Pestalozzi ; and soon my youthful mind was in a blaze for the noble science of education. It was, at that time at least, sadly defective in the country which I inhabited. What I have said of the university did not apply to the primary and intermediate instruction. To train the mind as an immortal essence in its intellectual and moral capacity ; to observe the intimate bonds of union between body and soul, and to

develop the physical forces so as to steady the invisible structure; and last, but not least, to educate with a view to eternity, and to make knowledge and science subservient to our relation with God,—all these things were little thought of. All these things began to occupy me with unceasing energy; and little did Eleonore and Adelaide know that they exerted such a decided influence on my destinies.

Sweet and happy children! They enjoyed the sunny summer; and between their little studies, and the care for my aged father, and the dutiful observance of their excellent mother, and the many rambles we made together in the adjacent country, their affections twined around me with all the energy of love and innocence.

When the summer was nearly past, the chevalier wished to see me. With more than usual seriousness, he told me that the Baron G. had applied to him for advice, how to provide for the further education of his two sons, whom, thus far, he had carefully trained himself. Living in the royal residence, constantly engaged as an inspector of the king's domains, he was unable to do more. He sought a person in whom he could place entire confidence, and to whom

he could intrust what himself, with more than usual care, had commenced.

“I thought of you,” continued the chevalier ; and, perceiving the frown wherewith his intimation was received, he hastened to add, “But I know your objections. I know your family pride and your ambition ; but, what is better far, I know your love for your aged parent, and how hard it would be for you to leave him. But the family G. is powerful and influential ; and the baron wishes to see, in him who will undertake so responsible a charge, nothing less than the friend of his house. I do not mention the pecuniary advantages : they are great, but have no weight with you, though they ought to have. But consider the social advantages, the relations you can form ; and let it be a stepping-stone to higher position.”

I could not assent to his opinion. My family had never owed any thing to favor or royal protection. But what the chevalier said of the baron’s care and anxiety, and of his amiable character, interested me ; and I consented to an interview.

At a few miles’ distance from L. lies the ancient manor of E. There I was to meet the

baron. It was a bright day in fall, when I gave, with heavy heart, a kiss to my dear little girls, and, after a pleasant walk, entered the sombre avenue. A carriage met me near the entrance. The baroness, a noble, handsome lady, saw at a glance who it was ; and, smiling courteously, left an indelible impression on my youthful imagination. I was ushered into the library ; and soon the baron entered, and, sitting down, opened the subject with all the earnestness of a devoted father, and all the exquisite politeness of an accomplished courtier.

Educated from his twelfth year among the pages of the great Napoleon, he had followed the destinies of the emperor, even through the terrible campaign of Russia, until the treaty of Fontainebleau ; when, yet very young, his career seemed broken. He married, against the wishes of his ambitious father, the Baroness de G., of ancient Frisian nobility, but destitute of fortune. He was cautious and prudent, but generous and kind-hearted ; charitable and reserved in his judgments ; extremely simple in his tastes ; and, I believe, the most perfect model of a husband and father I ever have encountered.

He repeated, in substance, what the chevalier

had said, but with such amiable considerateness, with such earnest pleading for the welfare of his sons, that I confess that my objections seemed to crumble before his quiet eloquence; and when the baroness came in, and added sparingly but timely words of esteem and appreciation, I arose, and expressed my willingness to receive further written communication. Long thereafter, the baroness jestingly complained, that, in this interview, I had neglected her, and exclusively given my attention to her husband. So true it is, that even woman may be deceived in the impression which she makes; for, if I turned apparently my chief attention to the baron, it was because I instinctively felt the pressure of her influence upon my unsophisticated heart.

And, when I walked down the avenue, I was sad. A feeling of heaviness oppressed me. The Moslem says, "What is to be, is." He calls it fate, or destiny; the Christian, providence. There is an irresistible power without ourselves. We think we are free in acting: we are less so than we imagine. Invisible agencies must have a hand in shaping the course of our life; for often we do what we decidedly would not, and often we are restrained from doing what we would.

Eleonore and Adelaide stood waiting at the garden-gate ; and, as soon as they saw me, they ran up to me, and clung to me, and their natural affection seemed to breathe *another sphere* than that which I just had left. When I came into my father's study, he smiled pleasingly, and asked the result of my interview. We were all silent ; and I perceived that my father's eyes were moist. Yet there was nothing decided ; and resting on my arm, and supported on the other side by sweet Adelaide, he joined us in the dining-room at our humble meal.

And then, as always when things seem uncertain, I appreciated the more the present blessings. My conversations with my father were more frequent, my walks with the children were prolonged. My study seemed a very sanctuary, adorned by the constant presence of Eleonore and the occasional visits of Adelaide.

At last came the long-dreaded letter from Baron G. I unfolded it with deep emotion, and read his honorable proposal to become the guide of his sons, and the most valuable friend of his family, under conditions the most liberal and generous, expressed in delicate and considerate terms.

It was a long and painful conflict, — a conflict with my native feelings, a conflict with my deep-rooted attachment to my father, a conflict with the new affections which had sprung up in my bosom ; but, like all other conflicts, it had an end. I accepted ; and, on the 6th of December, I was to leave for H.

And then I began to write a treatise on Education, wherein I brought together in systematic order all that I had read and studied on the subject, with my own observations, personal experience, and reflections. I verily tried to “magnify my office.” I sent it to the baron, and received commending thanks, with the assurance, that, if the practice came up to the well-delineated theory, he should esteem himself the happiest of fathers. I had frequent conversations with my aged parent ; and the project of once founding another “Hofweil,” like that of Fellenberg at Berne, arose in my “ambitious” mind, — ambitious indeed, but yet ambitious in a good and noble cause. And for this I thank thee, O my God ! that thou didst direct the flame of that burning volcano, and didst preserve me from utter worldliness and vanity.

My father at that time finished a treatise on

the Christian religion ; the third and concluding volume of a course of moral philosophy which he had begun when teaching my elder brother, and which he now completed as an humble disciple of the Redeemer.

Thus we were engaged, mutually encouraging each other in the prospect of approaching separation ; whilst the dear angels, who made our home so bright, began to count the days when I should have to leave.

At length came St. Nicholas Eve, the last I was to spend with them. The rain was pouring fast, and I was sad and gloomy. There they stood, the little things, with their hoods and cloaks, expecting Mr. Leno to take them to the illuminated stores. I went with them, but in silence ; and I bought whatever they desired. Yet I was not cheerful, as children like to be ; for my heart was weak, and wrapped up in grief.

And, the following day, I left. It came harder to me than when I left for the army. Then there was the excitement of the time, and the possibility of speedy return. Now there was no excitement ; the separation would perhaps outlast my father's life ; and I left two sweet girls,

of whom the older was, since two years, my pupil and constant companion, and the younger drew me with all the force of unsupported innocence.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WORLD WIDE OPEN.

THE reception which I received, when late in the evening I arrived at the baron's dwelling, was such as the most fastidious taste could desire. With courtly politeness, the two parents were waiting for me; and, with all the ease of perfect breeding, there was a tinge of emotion visible, even on the polished surface, when each took one of my hands, and in simple but expressive words testified their inmost satisfaction. Then came the presentation of their sons, — the one, a boy of ten, stout and large, but with unprepossessing appearance; the other, a noble-looking child of eight, the image of his mother. And whilst I held them by the hand, and tried to read their mind, and spoke words of affection, the image of Eleonore and Adelaide forced itself upon me, and their loneliness and their extreme loveliness awakened my regret; and, sitting down, I tried to hide my emotion.

But it would not do ; and, taking courage from the honesty of my feelings, I at once explained the cause. And, when I proceeded in my narrative, the baron's eye was moist, for he had a generous and sympathizing heart ; but the high, arched eyebrows of the baroness did not relax in their stern and proud expression. For, until the Spirit of God had touched her heart, self was her idol : not in a narrow sense, however ; for she was noble, and capable of deep affection, and she loved her sons with extreme maternal fondness ; but all her affections were centred in her husband, her children, and a younger sister, the beautiful Baroness d'O.

The following day, having surveyed my new domain, I found every thing arranged with taste and foresight. There was my own apartment and that of my two pupils, and a magnificent study with library, and a cheerful view on a pretty garden ; and when we met at the breakfast-table, served in real English style, simple but cheerful, and as it were, breathing a perfume of refined taste over the coming day, we discoursed pleasingly on the task which I had come to fulfil. Then the baron gave me, in the study, a precise account of the foundation he had laid.

On examining the children, I found that Fénélon himself could not have wished a better structure to build upon. I laid out a plan of studies for the year to come ; and thus the time was passed until we heard the summons of the dinner-bell.

My arrival had created a sensation among the numerous relatives and friends of the baron. But never shall I forget the considerate politeness wherewith he introduced me successively to all. That day, the beautiful Baroness Louise d'O. was at the family table. Married when very young to the ambassador of Sweden, a plain-looking but noble and generous man and devoted husband, she was as fascinating by the loveliness of her disposition and the refined culture of her well-informed mind as by the classical beauty of her features and the graceful sweetness of her manners. And, when she became my pupil in German, I must confess that the hours spent with her were equally delightful and profitable ; for, with her unerring tact and delicate spirit of observation, she gave me many useful hints as to the ways of the world. Herself not blessed with children, she took the deepest interest in the education of her nephews.

And to them I now devoted myself with unre-

relenting assiduity. No maps that I could find were good enough for them : I constructed them others according to my views. No historical tables could be found to suit my taste : I made them myself. And, when the daily task was performed, I sat down, and wrote in a diary the most minute details : their recitations, their readings, their relaxation, their occasional remarks, my own reflections on their disposition and character, suggestions, &c., all found its place in those pages, successively written for the daily inspection of the parents. I did so during many years ; and each morning the mother read it with her sons, and praised or corrected as there was occasion or need. Thus the education of these boys became the main point of my thoughts ; and when, in after-time, I saw them advance and grow in extensive knowledge, and far excel their occasional companions, the parents honoring me as their greatest benefactor, I seemed to lose my personality in theirs : they were indeed the work of my hands ; they had become the embodiment of my deepest thought and care.

But to return to the beginnings of this career, if career it may be called. With all this labor and zeal for my new pupils, I could not conquer

my affectionate regret for those never-to-be-forgotten sweet children, who had unknowingly been the cause of the new direction my life had taken. Nor could I forget the privation of my father, who used to call me his "joy and consolation," and "the light of his eyes." And, when Christmas came, I staid two days with them. Well do I remember the joy of those children, when at night I arrived, and the life which Mr. Leno seemed to have brought again into the little household. Then Eleonore showed me her work so carefully performed in my absence, and Adelaide seemed with renewed zeal to study with her aged protector; and himself I found cheerful, yet missing me in daily intercourse.

But I returned to my post; and the letters of Eleonore were many, and many were the answers. And once she came to see me, and enjoyed one evening in my study. The baroness entered, and addressed her with graceful kindness: but she was cold, and the child felt it; and two years thereafter the baroness confessed her selfish error, for then the dew of a more heavenly charity had begun to soften her otherwise noble heart.

And now I began to think of providing in H. a dwelling for my father and Mrs. R. with her

dear children. It served to occupy our minds with the prospect at least of sweet re-union; though it would have been incomplete, and perhaps a hinderance in my task. But, whilst we were seeking and corresponding, I received the tidings that my father was very ill.

Bravely he struggled during nine wearisome years against infirmity and straitened circumstances. On my last anniversary, he sent me "Droz on Moral Philosophy," with touching and precious inscription: "To my only and tenderly beloved son. I invoke on him the blessing of the Most High. May his Spirit guide him mercifully through this pilgrimage to the goal of Jesus Christ, blessed by his fellow-pilgrims for the tears which he will have dried and the sufferings he will have relieved; desired by his friends, and as such, first of all, by his father, who, by Divine Mercy, hopes to go before him into the abode of Grace."

I hastened to L. It was Ascension Day, in the sweet month of May, when I arrived, and found him weaker than usual. The gleam of joy wherewith he welcomed me in silence, — for he could scarcely speak, — I shall never forget. "I thank you," came out in stammering words.

“My dissolution is near,” followed long after. The Easter Day before, he had, for the last time, partaken of the Holy Communion: an exertion almost incredible; for he was lame on one side, and the distance was great. And that night, when we had brought him to bed, he slept little; but in the morning he said, “Do you hear that music?” And, when I observed there had been none, he said, “Music of angels, — of angels!”

We saw that his days were numbered; and the faithful physician, who during nine years attended him, said so: for his lungs were paralyzed, and life was ebbing slowly away. And on the last evening, when, kneeling down, I tried to catch the slightest sound, he said in the lowest whisper, and at long intervals, “You have been a faithful son to me, — faithful to the last. God bless you, bless you, my hope and consolation!” And then he spoke no more, and remained quiet, breathing slower and slower. It was not until on the following day that he breathed his last, surrounded by Mrs. R., who seemed to lose a father; and by those weeping children, who loved him so tenderly; and by his faithful servant, who never left him for seven

years. I closed his eyes reverently ; and, leaving the room, went into the garden to give way to my deepest grief.

For now I remembered *all* from the beginning, — his care and love, his sufferings, his long illness, and patience. And I remembered no more the good I had done, but my deficiencies ; and although he departed with blessing, yet, oh ! what would I have given to receive one blessing more ! And, whilst I was walking up and down the garden, Professor T. came to mourn with me ; and, shortly after, the chevalier added words of friendly consolation.

And Professor T., who never had approved of my educational career, whilst praising my devotedness to my father, said, “ That now *the world was wide open* before me.” These words, though at that time unheeded, yet afterwards returned with force to my remembrance, and caused me not a little disturbance ; for, though enthusiastic in my present occupation, I could not deny that I risked the sacrifice of the future prospects of my own ambition.

On the fourth day thereafter, on the twelfth anniversary of my dear Eleonore, I buried my father ; and, having given two or three days

more to regret him with my sweetest girls, — now, it seemed to me, twice orphans, — I left the sad and mourning little family, to resume my task at H.

I was gloomy and depressed; and though I conscientiously worked, yet there was a secret uneasiness, and desire for change. And when I heard that Gen. de E. had been appointed Governor-general of Netherlands' India, and would sail in a few months, I went to see him. He was my cousin by my mother's side, and had always shown us regard. "I can do all for you," said he, "when you are there, but nothing before." I then began to think of taking my doctor's degree, not only in philosophy, but also in jurisprudence; and added to my educational labors the finishing strokes to my academical dissertation, together with the necessary preparation for examinations in law.

And in midsummer I made a journey to L—n to see my mother and sister. On my return, I stopped at L., and passed a few days with Mrs. R. and the dear children. Those days I remember like yesterday. But what follows is strangely obscure. Mrs. R. left L.; and, during six years, I never saw her nor Eleonore and Adelaide.

Now and then, a letter from Eleonore showed signs of life. In loneliness, the noble mother devoted her days to her daughters, whom she trained with care and Christian faithfulness. How I could lose sight of her ; how I could, as it were, forget the sweet companions of my father's last solitude, — I do not know, I cannot conceive. It must be that the world began to grasp me, and that I became more selfish. I do not know. But one thing I know : I sometimes felt a pang, and afterwards a secret reproach, as if I had neglected a sacred duty, and even slighted the memory of him who loved them so well.

CHAPTER XV.

LADY MARIE.

THE last time I saw those sweet children, I have a faint recollection that they were sick, very sick ; and I came down to see and comfort them ; but could not return, being taken ill myself. Long and tedious was my illness, and the fever would not leave me. And, during that time, the baroness, whom I shall henceforth call Lady Marie, — a name more endeared to me, — was my only nurse. She took care of the prescriptions and the room, and all the minute detail which make a sick man's safety when he is ill, and his comfort when convalescent. Her noble and devoted nature gave proof of real affection for the friend of her sons. It made a deep impression upon me, and bound my heart to her with more than ordinary admiration.

And when, at last, the disease began to yield, and, weary and tired, I had to wait for returning strength, I commenced reading the works of

Goethe, that prince of poets and practical philosophers. I remember the succession wherein I read, and the impression made by his several works. It was not a happy one : it tore away the feeble remainder of positive belief, and made me restless. And I read the Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini, the celebrated sculptor, and, lying on my couch, began to translate it, nor ceased before I had finished it for publication ; then the Memoirs of Lord Byron, and the dramas of Alfieri, and the works of Balzac, and those of the *romantic* school of France ; and my mind, relieved of serious studies, began to wander in the fields of fiction and poetry and false philosophy.

Those were dreamy days, wherein I formed many fantastic plans of life ; for now *the world was wide open before me*. I was free indeed ; nothing to bind me, — nothing, O short-sighted young man ! but the *invisible web of circumstances* ; nothing but “ *what is to be, is !* ” Soon I was again at work with my pupils. Contrary to my better judgment, and contrary to the method which I afterwards invariably followed, I began with Latin instead of Greek ; and I was often interrupted in my lessons by a visit from

Lady Marie, who never failed to bring me into acquaintance with her numerous friends.

Once she introduced me to a lady sweet and unassuming, yet with all the refinement and tact of high position. And, when she spoke the German tongue with musical cadence and harmonious fulness, I remember I was entranced; and, though perfectly at home in German, it seemed I had never heard the like before. It was the lovely Countess de Rossi, who, before she became the wife of the Sardinian ambassador, was simply Henriette Sontag, the glory of theatre and opera. She was the embodiment of womanly virtue and dignity. She unreservedly spoke of her first career, but bore her rank and title with perfect ease and gracefulness. I saw her often; but that morning's conversation left an impression of sweet respect. How little did I think, when listening to the fascinating sound of her kind and pleasing words, that, twenty years thereafter, I should be on the Pacific coast, and read in public print the solitary demise of Henriette Sontag, once more the *prima donna*, who died of cholera in one of the South-American cities, and found a lonely burial-place in Cuba's populous capital!

Restless and full of youthful activity, my mind overstrained by reading and study and thought, I had nothing to work upon but my two pupils. It was impossible for one constituted as I was to be contented ; and I sought in vain a soothing medicine in the pages of ancient philosophy. Lady Marie, with woman's unerring tact, perceived my disease (for such it was), and, measuring its extent, sought to apply the only remedy she knew. During a few days' absence at L., I had written her a letter, wherein, with morbid sensitiveness, I complained of having found in her neither a mother nor a sister. On my return, she summoned me to her boudoir ; and when I stood before her like a culprit, conscious of having committed a folly, she made me sit down ; and, leaning back in her arm-chair, she said in a tone of playful earnestness, —

“ My dear Mr. Leno, you must confess I am too young to be your mother ; but I shall always be to you a sister, and even more than that, — a true and sincere *friend*.”

Thus saying, she held out her hand, which I reverently touched with my lips ; for she came nearest to my *beau ideal* of a woman's dignified goodness.

“And now,” continued she, “let me use my rights,—the rights of clear-sighted, unprejudiced friendship. You must go out; you must visit; you must no more retire so often from our drawing-rooms; you must not read so much, nor worry yourself about my sons. To live *for* the world, we must live *with* it; and, to live *with* the world, we must live *in* it.”

And forthwith she drew out a list of visits to be paid, and engaged me to take dinner there and there at such and such a day; and made me promise that at least twice a week I should visit the opera.

I followed her directions; and I remember how by degrees the channel of my thoughts was changed. I had occasion to observe the “fashionable” world in its fairest aspect. It was the circle of the court; it was the combination of beauty with polished education and refined taste. There was no occasional excitement: it was all natural, or rather second-nature. The conversations were light and trifling, it must be said: but now and then a serious thought was gladly taken up and followed; and, when a genial spirit appeared, he was welcomed, and found a willing audience. Literature was discussed,

and art and science ; yea, even philosophy. Tact and discretion, it is true, forbade to “ exhaust ” the subject ; but this prevented wearisome repetition, and gave every one occasion to contribute his mite to the general entertainment.

Court and high life have been disparaged ; but I must confess, that I have nowhere found the same observance of courteousness, the same *uniform* desire to please, the same delicacy of observation, and, in many instances, the same degree of generosity and sincere homage to genius and talent. And, although a certain amount of levity seemed to pervade the whole, I have known persons, truly devout, who were scrupulous observers of courtly etiquette.

As for the theatre, its influences have always seemed to me more on the wrong than on the right side. The unavoidable excitement ; the passionate nature of the drama ; the preferences, more or less enthusiastic, for actors and actresses ; the fascinating array of beauty in the richly decorated boxes, — all this seems to create a world wherein imagination has more extensive play than is safe for sober morality. And what might

be admired as a work of art, in harmonious performance, entrancing music and tasteful decorations, is absorbed, as it were, by the thrilling emotions caused by the *tout ensemble*.

Thus I passed the winter from 1834 to 1835 : and, when spring came, it was my turn to console and encourage Lady Marie ; for her sweet sister, the Baroness d'O., followed her husband to Berlin, where he had been appointed Swedish ambassador. It was a grievous loss, and Lady Marie was sorely tried. Her visits in our study were more frequent ; and often she would sit down with her work of tapestry, and listen with satisfaction to the recitations of her noble boys. Not all the turmoil of the winter season had diminished the enthusiastic ardor wherewith I pursued their studies. I had, as with Eleonore, found the right material ; and, thus far, the workmanship justified the workman.

But, in the month of May, I was again laid up with fever ; and Lady Marie was again at my bedside, with indefatigable perseverance ministering to my wants. The family was preparing to leave for the country ; and I was weak and suffering, when I was wrapped up, and placed in the carriage ; and, Lady Marie taking her seat

at my side, we arrived in the middle of a warm summer day at Rivulet Mansion, the place of our destination.

It was a lovely spot, — a spacious manor, sheltered from the cold sea-winds by a range of picturesque hills ; the grounds laid out in antique style, with large and massive avenues and noble parks ; at six miles' distance from the capital, where the baron's duties called him often ; and, a few miles from L., it had an easy access to the ancient city of learning and to the modern centre of the *beau-monde*. There scarcely passed a day without some equipages driving up, and the hospitable reception-rooms were often filled. I made there many an agreeable acquaintance ; for, in the country, even the etiquette of court gives way to more familiar intercourse, and the beauty of Nature suggests an inexhaustible source of conversation.

Whoever has read the first chapter of these sketches may remember, that I had from early childhood, and with very good reason, an aversion bordering on positive hatred to any thing Prussian. Now, it happened that one of the guests of the day was the minister of Prussia, with his wife ; and Lady Marie, who, I believe,

knew my feelings, with characteristic decision introduced me at once.

With the Prussian aristocracy, family pride is proverbial. The noble count, after the first words of introduction, perceiving my hesitating reserve, increased by the flush of lingering fever, reached me his hand, and said with winning smile, "The Austrian double eagle, sir, can afford to be generous, and to forget the mistakes of the Prussian single bird." I took his hand, and pressed it. It was impossible to say more in fewer words; impossible to meet the case with more vigor; impossible to acknowledge in nobler terms the last descendant of a princely line. From that moment, the field was clear; there was no reserve; and our intercourse during the remainder of the day was pleasant and cheerful. Thus the strongest prejudice may be conquered by real courtesy.

As soon as I had recovered my strength, I finished my academical dissertation, containing numerous experiments on a then newly discovered phenomenon, called *Endosmose* and *Exosmose*; and, after its approval by the Faculty, I had it printed. On the tenth day of June, I defended it, and received my diploma as Master of

Mathematics, and Doctor of Natural Philosophy. In these diplomas there is a threefold grade, according to the merits of the defence, — either *simply*, or *with praise*, or *with great praise*. I succeeded in obtaining the highest honors.

But now the thought of “making a career” began again to occupy me with renewed force. I was deeply interested in the education of my two pupils; and a third brother, a lovely boy of six, began to claim my attention. I could not help myself, and took him in my study. I taught him to write and draw, and German and history. To teach him was no labor, but indeed a relaxation of the mind. With that he had a disposition so loving and thoughtful, an ingenuity so persevering, that, day by day, I felt the bond of attraction stronger. And, of his brothers, the younger one was *all* I could desire. It was impossible, with parents so refined and appreciating, not to feel, that, a year later, a separation would be almost impossible.

And then the saying returned to my young and enterprising spirit, “*The world is wide open before you;*” and it seemed I had to make a choice between those boys and the wide field of the world.

Whilst my pupils made a fortnight's excursion with their father, I travelled to L—n to see my mother and sister ; and there we deliberated on my various plans, and I finally came to the conclusion to seek my fortune in the East-India colonies.

Thence I wrote a letter to the baron, apprising him of my wish of being released from my engagement. Frankly I stated my reasons, in my opinion, such as he must approve himself. I knew too well the grief it would cause him ; I knew the sorrow of Lady Marie ; I knew the regret of the children. But I thought I was right ; and, with the feeling of having recovered my liberty, I journeyed home, yet not without forebodings of the coming struggle.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHAT IS TO BE, IS.

It was late in the evening when I rode up the long and dark avenue to Rivulet Mansion. I could see the light from far as it was burning in the large drawing-room, where I was sure to meet the baron and Lady Marie.

I found it even worse than I had anticipated. The baron's emotion was deep; and, though accustomed to show a remarkable equanimity, I saw but too well that his inmost soul was grieved.

"Many," said he, "have been my disappointments in life, many the sorrows which I have suffered from my own father's injustice. All my joy and future expectation are concentrated in my sons. In you we had an able, faithful guardian of their youth. How shall we replace you? How shall we repair the harm done by change in method, and, above all, in moral training? Far better would it have been for us, for them,

never to have known you, than, knowing you once, to lose you !”

“I never thought, Mr. Leno,” said Lady Marie, “that you would have come to this. In the midst of a life of external comfort, you know we have our griefs and cares ; but, if for any thing I blessed God, it was for your presence among us. Oh ! how can you seek for a better sphere of usefulness than here, where you can bestow so much good, and where you are, you must confess it, so thoroughly appreciated ?”

If any thing can move me, it is a mother’s love for her sons, her tender care for their well-being ; but when that mother is a noble lady, with all the gifts of fortune and beauty, and when her soul is shaken with apprehension, and all the happiness of her life seems to hang upon a decision, I must confess, it needs all my love of liberty, all my desire to restore the fallen fortunes of my house, to resist the strong appeals of her maternal affection.

I did resist, and remained firm in my resolution to leave about the time of Christmas. In the mean while, the children should remain ignorant of the impending separation ; and I would

do all I could to instruct my successor, as soon as found, in the plan of education I had laid out and followed thus far.

The oldest of my pupils was now twelve years of age. With wayward disposition, he needed tact and *love* to bring out the good that was in him, and to correct the evil, which seemed to strive for the mastery.

His brother Charles was ten years old, and, as I said before, the image of his mother. Warm of heart and clear of head, he was to me *perfection*. He clung to me with all the fervor of appreciating instinct. Never loved I a boy so well. And his mother knew his excellence; and, though firm and severe, she knew the bond of sympathy between him and me, and trembled for the time when he should lose me.

The youngest, Alfred, was a fair and lovely child of seven, as amiable and intelligent as fancy could wish him.

Such were these children whom I had moulded and instructed, and, above all, loved, since nearly two years. Yet I loved them not for thy sake, O Fountain of love! but only because they happened to please me. For, since four years, I had more and more forgotten thee;

and when, in the absence of the faithful mother, I had to read them thy Word, I did it unwillingly and as a task. And when the mother, perceiving my unbelieving tendency, asked me many an evening to read her some eloquent pages of thy faithful servants, I did it with reluctance, and thought it tedious and unprofitable.

And I remember that I was restless as one who seeks a thing, and does not know what he seeks. What brought me to this state, I do not know. But the night I remember, when, lying down to sleep, I could not sleep; and, tossing on my bed, I suffered a mental agony of which I try in vain to recall any detail. How long it lasted, I do not know; but the clock struck three, when I exclaimed in these very words, "Oh that there were one between God and me! Oh that *he* could pray!"

And, when I try to remember how it was, it seems to me there came a voice, not to my ear, but to my very soul, "*That is Jesus Christ, the Mediator!*" Thus it seems to me I heard it; and I know I sprang up, and, falling on my knees, burst out in tears.

And what I prayed, or how long, I do not know. One thing I do know, — that, since that

night, there was a daybreak in my soul, which since was often overclouded, but never ceased to increase in light.

Whether this was to be called conversion, or regeneration, or new birth, I do not care. Twenty-five years have rolled by, and brought their joys and sorrows, their changes of opinion, of tenets, and of views; but my soul, when wearied with perplexities and the fallacy of human devices, darts, like a bird to its nest, to the night when the Fountain of love was opened to me. Yea, it even now turns to that night as to a pledge of faithfulness. What then was done, it seems as if it never could be undone. It seems to me like the hand of God interfering in the midst of my career, not to change it, but to give a new and better direction to my thoughts.

And I took my father's Bible, and began to read regularly every day the New Testament. It seemed a new book. Had I not read it from my childhood? Had I not studied it when preparing for confirmation? Yet I remember it seemed all new to me; and, when I read the Old Testament, strangely new seemed all the prophecies and types.

Thus I read and studied, and took counsel with no one; and I began to love the children with another love, and to feel more anxious for the eldest. When the mother perceived the change in my feelings, she was amazed; for she used to come frequently to my study, and to talk freely on many subjects: but, when she saw my ardor, she one evening said, with a mixture of jest and meaning, —

“Indeed, Mr. Leno, I foresee that you will lose your senses.”

Then I remember saying, with strong persuasion, —

“Lady Marie, within three months, you will think as I do now.”

And so it was; for my convictions, burning with the ardor of “first love,” awakened in her a *new sense*. Formal religion had left her cold, and unaware of her shortcomings.

“I bless God,” thus wrote she once, “for having given me in you a friend who shows my soul a better course than that which thus far I have followed. I feel that religion, religion alone, can renovate the human heart.”

And, with this new bond of union, our intercourse became more intimate, our conversations

more useful, our interest in the children more deep and real, and my influence in the whole family stronger and stronger, the more the time approached for our separation.

The brother of the baron, now a minister of state, a man of distinguished talents and solid academical education, took a deep interest in his nephews. He could fully appreciate the plan thus far pursued. One night, he entered my study, and left me a paper, which he requested me to peruse with attention.

It was a letter, containing, in most forcible language, the reasons why I should give up my project. He urged me to finish at least the education of the two oldest sons. He urged the excellency of the younger one. He certainly made out what might be called a strong case, but failed to convince me.

And from Berlin the Baroness Louise d'O. wrote to me, —

“ You are too much attached to them, not deeply to feel the involuntary grief you cause them. Had I been there, I would have tried to speak; but what to do at a distance? . . . I know this subject must be painful to you, and, by continual repetition, almost hateful; yet you

could not hate me. Sometimes I hope that time, reflection, difficulties, but, more than that, the regrets of those parent friends and of that docile child, and the intimate affection wherewith you love them, may have shaken your resolution. I would be too rejoiced, too much so, to hope it reasonably ; but we are not always reasonable."

What kept me up against so many influences, I do not know. It is true, *I worked hard*. Besides my constant labors with my pupils, I devoted, with all the ardor of a new convert (if thus I might call myself), much time to Bible study, and prepared my two examinations, — one as candidate in law, and the other as candidate in theoretical philosophy and literature ; and, in the beginning of December, I passed them both satisfactorily.

At last, the gentleman who had to continue my task was introduced. He was a Swiss licentiate, unprepossessing in appearance, and of moderate attainments. He assumed with me a familiarity to which I was not accustomed. I took pains, however, to explain to him the method pursued, and gave my advice how best to proceed. He declared bluntly, that he did not

intend to trouble himself so much. I shall never forget that afternoon. Every thing relating to my pupils was almost sacred to me. To see it slighted, I could not bear. But when I saw my boys, perceiving what was going on, perplexed and sorrowful; when I saw Charles, with flushed cheeks, taking hold of my hands, and, with trembling voice, asking *what* it was, — I suffered an anguish which I cannot describe. But this was nothing when compared with Lady Marie's appearance. I cannot even now think of it without pain. Day by day, they all became more endeared to me. Day by day, it seemed that I *had* to be there, and nowhere else. And thus Christmas Eve approached; when, for the last time, we sat together around the large fireplace in the drawing-room. But, when the carriage drove up, the boys encircled me with tears; yea, even the elder one felt he lost a friend: and, with promises of mutual letters, I contrived to hide my deep emotion in the carriage, which took me once more to the *Alma Mater*.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN THE MARKET.

It was nearly midnight when I reached my lodgings in L. Twelve years before, I arrived there, a growing youth, ready to enter the lists as a student. Now my father was no more, my mother and sister far off, Eleonore and Adelaide I had lost; and the relation binding me to a family which I had begun to consider as my own, I had broken, after months of painful struggle.

I sat down, I must confess, with a heavy heart. My presence in L. recalled blessed and sorrowful memories; and, when I heard a passing company of students singing their merry "*Iö vivat!*" I felt that the years of a student's life were gone, and that the realities of active life had arrived, waiting for exertion and courage.

I laid out a plan of occupation so as to be busy from morning until night, and to forget, if possible, the strong affections of my heart. The early morning was given to religious reading and

writing ; for I had soon gathered some theological books, and, first of all, began to study Hebrew. Whatsoever the sudden revulsion in the life-stream of my thoughts might be called, I seemed to have *awaked*. What the rising sun does in the early morning, — that first glimmering, that first illumination of the mountain-tops, that gentle increase of light on plain and valley, — all that, I remember it now, took place literally in my thus far benighted soul. I was hungry after spiritual food, and thirsty after what is rightly called the “waters of life ;” and, of all the books of Scripture, I have yet a lively remembrance of the deep impression made upon me when studying the first chapter of St. John’s Gospel and the forty-second chapter of Isaiah.

The remainder of the morning was devoted to my studies in law, and the preparation of my academical essay ; whilst, in the evening, I kept my correspondence, and now and then, but seldom, saw a friend.

But, notwithstanding my incessant labor, I could not escape the constantly recurring remembrance of my pupils. Within a week after my departure, I received from their noble mother the following lines : —

“ I must write you a few words, to thank you, from the depth of my soul, for the lively and deep-felt interest which you never ceased to show my sons, even during the last moments you were with them. Charles gave me your parting letter. We read it often and often, and not without deep emotion. The advice you give this well-deserving child, will, I hope, also be followed by his mother, whose heart is more than broken. Adolphe gave me his letter only last night; when, sleepless like his mother, he called for me, and, with repentance for past errors, asked me to pray with him. Do not forget your promise to pray daily for them. Could you have heard Charles’s prayer at his awaking this morning, it would have touched you. Adieu! I remain your sincere pupil and friend, . . . MARIE.”

And, a few days later, I received word that Charles was very ill, and wished ardently to see me.

I found him on his bed, with burning fever, my letter in his hand.

“ My dear sir, my dear sir,” said he, “ I am so glad to see you ! ”

I remained with him a day, and tried to soothe his feelings ; and promised to come and see them

often, as often as I could. To be sure, I bought my liberty at a great price; for I saw that the boy's heart was sorely afflicted.

And whilst I was thus studying, and learning to pray, and seek counsel at the Source of wisdom, there came to me a letter from the Baroness Louise d'O., so touching and so true, that I wish to embody part of it in these memoirs, though I can scarcely render the impressive, noble language of the original:—

“And so, in this resolution, unhappily taken, painfully followed, cruelly achieved,—in this resolution, I say, it was written that none of the parties should not suffer; for you, too,—you suffer for having left, not a house of strangers, not individuals moderately affectionate, but a house which begged to be yours, beings who clung to you by all the bonds of the human heart. You suffer, I am sure, for having yourself violently broken these bonds, for having filled with sadness the hearts to whom you were attached, for having interrupted a task so useful, for having abandoned a place where your presence was considered a blessing. And when, after that, I behold my good sister; when I see, when I feel, when I suffer, for her present grief, and think of

the coming grief which may be the result, — then my heart suffers much. I must confess it, — and shall I say it? — this suffering, I believe it comes home to you.”

And with this letter unfolded before me, and one from Charles, wherein he said, “I do as you have told me, — I forget you; *but, whilst forgetting you, I think of you!*” — with these letters, I say, before me, a gentleman, who wished to see me, was announced.

He was polite and courtly. He opened his mission with circumspection. He was charged, he said, by the Baron de Z., his uncle, to make proposals to me. He sought a tutor for his sons. He thought the position might be acceptable. I would be a friend in the house, &c.

“And who told your uncle,” said I with undisguised indignation, “that I was ‘*in the market*’? Know this, my good sir, that not even the Prince of the Netherlands could have my private services.”

The nephew left, perhaps astonished at my vehemence. I could not help it. And well do I remember how I leaned back in my chair, and, with a mixture of sorrow and indignation, exclaimed, “*In the market!*” Then it was time,

indeed, that I should break off, and run another course.

Thus spoke the natural heart, born and nurtured in pride ; and, with renewed zeal, I took up my studies in law, and wrote to those of my friends, who wished to give their help, to hasten their measures. And I remember, that same day, to have written the first pages of my academical law-essay ; and then I took the stage, and started for L—n to see my mother once more before I should finally leave.

I was there a whole week, and even there continued to write and labor ; and I took leave from my mother and sister as one who should not see them for a long, long time to come.

But, when I arrived in my solitary study, I found a letter from the baron ; and what a letter ! In simple but forcible language, he expressed the disappointment of his best hopes. The Swiss licentiate proved to be unfit for his task in more than one respect.

“ If you could see,” said he, “ the sorrow of my sons, and the deep affliction of their mother, you would, I know your heart, be grieved and perplexed. Judge of my feelings. You wish to be *free* : remain free. But return for the time

you are here, and console those who suffer by your absence. Table and room will always be ready for you; for as one of our own do we consider you: but live where you will and as you will; only return, and give joy and cheerfulness to those whom you love."

And I sat down, and wrote in serious language, according to the fulness of my heart, —

"I wish to be free, and must be free. Well have you understood the first need of my inmost nature; but there is more. Many of my friends are kindly engaged in preparing my way. With regard to my future course, I am *not* free. And there is even more. Should I never go to India, then the whole bent of my mind, the whole force of my impulse, goes one way; and that is the improvement of public instruction, the Christianizing of education, the harmonizing of the various parts into one blessed result, — the Christian citizen. If, therefore, I return, it is temporarily in every sense. It cannot be otherwise. I cannot be unfaithful to the dictates of my native feelings, nor to those of a higher influx, of which I am fully conscious; and, with these views, is it advisable to make a change? Is it advisable to resume a task, which, however sweet

to my taste and feelings, must nevertheless be interrupted again, to renewed mutual grief?"

Thus I wrote, and continued my studies and labor; but, on the 1st of March, I received a letter approving of my honest frankness, yet insisting upon my immediate return.

"All," said he, "we need is your presence. Your rooms are taken. They are cheerful, neat, and near. Come, and restore happiness to those who love you so well; and if, in the plans suggested, I can be of any use, you may be sure that a grateful father's aid will not be lacking."

Thus he wrote, and thus he acted thereafter; for he was sincere and honest, and a man of word and honor, though a courtier and a man of the world.

I was perplexed. "What is to be, is," recurred to my mind; and when, that evening, I took my place in the stage, I felt that some decided mark was made in the course of my life.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A ROYAL AUDIENCE.

THE following morning, I was startled by the sudden entrance of two most happy boys. Charles rushed up to me, and, throwing his arms around my neck, could say nothing but, "I am so glad you are come!" And even Adolphe, the older one, felt, with deep emotion, that he had a friend again. Both were so happy, that I forgot my perplexity, and at once began to regulate their studies. It was an easy work; and, from the second day, we scarcely remembered the few months' interruption, and every thing went on as if I had never been absent.

In those days it was that Lady Marie gave another proof of her devoted character, now exalted by the sweetness of Christian sympathy and love. Her faithful attendant, Rose, a handsome girl from quiet Iverdun, in Switzerland (who, during many years, had been a watchful

guardian of her infant boys), was taken with the small-pox. Lady Marie immediately locked herself up, and was the only one to nurse her. During six long weeks, Rose saw none but Lady Marie, who never left her sick-room, and cheerfully submitted to a complete isolation. Stronger proof of Christian gratitude and love, I have seldom, if ever, seen.

My friends advised me to go and seek an audience with the king, to present him my dissertation, and ask his royal favor in the furthering of my plans. I did so ; and, whilst waiting my turn in the royal ante-chamber, I met there Prof. T., who observed, that I ought to have appeared in my chasseurs uniform, which was a strong argument in my favor. Whilst appreciating the justness of his remark, a feeling of bitterness came over me, and I told my noble friend that I had better arguments than my military dress. There also I met Prof. P. ; the same whose historical question I had, ten years before, answered with such republican ardor. He smiled, and, alluding to the incident, said, " I shall, when my turn comes, speak greatly in your favor ; but I think we had better keep silence about the Washington affair ! "

At last, the folding-door was thrown open; and, a chamberlain calling my name, I entered the audience-room.

King William I. was at that time nearly seventy years of age. With little dignity, there was a quiet composure and a benevolent expression in his whole appearance, which inspired confidence, and made him very popular. He was standing near a small writing-table, upon which he slightly leaned with the left hand, whilst the right hand was always ready to receive any request or document.

I presented humbly my dissertation, "the modest fruits of my university studies." He gracefully accepted it, perused the title, and, laying it on the table, said with a pleasing smile, —

"What can I do for you?"

"Nothing, sire: I ask nothing. But allow me to express my gratification at having seen and addressed a sovereign whose persevering wisdom Europe has justly admired."

"No request?" asked the king with a sort of astonishment, at the same time slightly inclining his head in acknowledgment of my courteous tribute.

“None, sire.”

“I knew your father.”

“I know it, sire.”

“He is no more?”

“No more, sire.”

“Sir, I shall remember you.”

And, with this, a slight inclination was the signal of withdrawing from the royal presence.

When thereafter I met Prof. T., he said with his peculiar emphasis, “You are a strange solicitor indeed! You made no verbal request; you presented none in writing! It was happy I came after you, and made up for your deficiency. You are strange! Just like your father!”

I thanked him for his kindness; but I did not tell him why I had no request to make. For, whilst standing before the earthly king, it was like a gleam of light passing through my inmost soul, “as if I had stood in the presence of a higher King, and there, in the depth of a solitary night, it had been decided what I should do or not do;” and though I was alone, and had taken counsel with no earthly being, the heavenly Majesty which vouchsafed to dwell a moment, an imperceptible moment, in my torn

and heaving bosom, outshone in power and lustre and *goodness* the earthly and corruptible majesty of my fellow-creature.

Was this fanaticism? I do not know. Thou knowest it, who hast made the souls of king and subject. It was not pride; for, at my father's command, I had buried the grievous remembrances of the past. It was not pride; for I sincerely honored the aged king, who had lost two-thirds of his domain, and bore his loss with Christian fortitude. What was it, then, O Source of thought! (I have often tried to find it out,) except it be that the lustre of thy countenance outshone all other considerations, and even the benevolent smile of aged royalty?

And, when the summer days had come, we moved to Rivulet Mansion; but I took up my quarters in the village. For I felt my attachment growing so strong, that, should to this be added the daily intercourse of family life, a separation would almost become impossible. That summer is one of pleasant remembrance; for I was incessantly occupied. My academical law-essay was passing into print; my pupils were busily engaged; and what was left of time I devoted to intense study of Hebrew.

I had made the acquaintance of the pastor of the village,—a young man of considerable talent and learning, and who delivered his two sermons a Sunday, and these of more than an hour's length, without the semblance of failure or hesitation; for, in that country, to read a sermon is not allowed, and extemporaneous preaching unknown. It is all studied and written carefully, then learned by heart, and delivered with more or less ability. Our young pastor was not an ordinary man. Dignified, and beaming with benevolence, his discourses were beautiful and impressive. An excellent Hebrew scholar, he kindly volunteered his aid; and many a time I sat in his study, pondering over the intricacies of Hebrew grammar. Of the old *Masoretic* school, he stuck to vowel-points and accents, and gave me trouble enough. In after-time, I followed my own way, and fared the better for it; for I soon found, that, of all grammars, the Hebrew is the simplest, because the oldest, and, I would say, the most approaching the divine pattern.

But, as a theologian, I found our zealous and eloquent pastor very little orthodox. As yet unacquainted with the endless variety of Protestant views, I drew my knowledge from the most

simple Bible study. I had been unhappy, restless, and in the dark. I had *felt* the darkness; and, with the name of Jesus Christ, a light had suddenly arisen. He had at once taken form and shape as a Mediator between God and me. I saw all *in* him, and nothing, not even my long-neglected Creator, *without* him.

How was it, then, O Fountain of truth! that this young man, thy minister and messenger, denied thy divinity and thy mediatorship? How was it, then, that, when I opened my heart to him, he smiled at my conceit, and called it extravagance? How was it, that when, perhaps imprudently, I mentioned the blessed night wherein thou calledst me, he laughed at my "conversion"? Yet he was honest, and preached thee, and ministered thy holy sacraments; and his prayers were powerful, and seemed to speed heavenward.

And then I began to study other books, and the great split in the Protestant world dawned upon my searching mind. *Reason* I found the guide of the one, *Faith* the watchword of the others. But even in neither of the two camps did I find a centre of unity, though all seemed to appeal to the word of God.

Then, O Fountain of light! thou knowest it, I was perplexed; and in my perplexity I thought, that, amongst thy frail creatures, I might find what thou alone possessest.

And one afternoon I went to the Roman-Catholic church, and found the pastor walking up and down the aisle whilst catechising the little children. He had been explaining the commandments of the church, and asked, —

“Why must you obey these commandments?”

“Because they are of the church.”

“And why does the church give them?”

“Because they are according to the Bible, which is the word of God.”

“And how do you know that the Bible is the word of God?”

“Because the church says so.”

And the pastor commended the answer of these children. But I found that he had made a *circle*, beginning with the church, and ending in the church; and it left me an unsatisfactory impression. For I verily sought Thee, the Fountain of truth; or, at least, I hoped to drink of the waters coming from thee. Such were my inward troubles, which now cause me to smile, but then made me anxious and thoughtful.

And at last, my law dissertation being printed, I went to L. ; and, having defended it with the “aplomb” of a doctor in philosophy, I received my diploma as a doctor in jurisprudence.

The chevalier never approved of my East-India project. He knew my character, and did not believe that the more or less reckless and often immoral tendencies of Indian life would agree with my disposition. The excellent Prof. T. was altogether favorable to my plans. “Never doubt, but believe,” said he. And my late commander, the Baron V. D., worked zealously in my aid. In the month of June, I received from him a letter, appointing the time of an interview with Capt. L. of the engineers.

The long and often bloody war in Java had ended with the almost complete subjugation of the island. The government contemplated the erection of a series of fortifications, to secure this magnificent domain against external aggression and internal mutiny. To this end, an expedition of military engineers was preparing ; and I was offered a brevet as officer.

I well remember the vivid picture which Capt. L. drew of the promising career, — the double pay, the double years of service, the

higher rank ; and I remember, too, the strange feeling of indifference wherewith I listened to him. Yet I seemed to have attained the climax of my early ambition. Three faculties had honored me with their diplomas. Ten years' university life had stored my mind with an extensive range of learning. Of the world, I had seen enough to appreciate its good and evil. I had made numerous and influential friends. The very career, which, in youthful ambition, I contemplated, was thrown open under flattering auspices, yet a mere stepping-stone to higher position : for the all-powerful governor-general was my relative ; and, once in Java, the road to speedy promotion in civil employment was open, — the road to wealth and honor.

I left the friendly captain with mutual feelings of esteem. Two months were granted to make my decision. But, when that night I rode home to my solitary quarters, I was singularly affected. It seemed to me as if I had heard those honorable proposals for another, and not for myself. Thus it seemed to me. But how it worked in my soul, and what I thought, I cannot recollect. One thing I know, — the wish of “making a career, a mark, a fortune, a high position,”

was no more active, no more predominant, in my mind. Another thought pre-occupied me absolutely and entirely; and as far as I can recollect, O my God and faithful Preserver, to whom our hearts are open! it was embodied in two lines, which I remember at that time to have written to my mother. I see them yet, clear and distinct, as I wrote them; but I do not recollect what preceded and followed: "If I were a clergyman, I would go as a missionary to India."

And shall I now regret having yielded to that secret voice, and having neglected the bright and last occasion of redeeming the fallen fortunes of my house? How should I? for truly I took no counsel with flesh and blood: Thou knowest it. That very night, on my knees in my solitary room, having read Thy Word, I called with a loud voice on Thee, as was my custom. *How* Thou heardest me, I truly have forgotten; but *that* Thou heardest me is sure. And, after this, I performed my duties with my pupils; and I remember having progressed that summer in knowledge of self and sin: but of Capt. L. and the engineers, and the going to India, and the prospects of wealth and honor,

there remained nothing but the faint remembrance, as of a thing gone and past.

Thus the current of my life-thought was changed, and now began to run in a channel narrow, deep, and working its way through the difficulties of time and circumstances. The happy results of my educational endeavors, the favorable development of my three noble boys, the praise bestowed upon them by all who saw them, the love and esteem so fully rewarding my faithful labors,—all this drew my whole attention to the field of education; and the natural turn of my mind to meditation and research, joined to a disposition loving and affectionate, made me drink deeper and deeper at the Fountain of Eternal Love. To serve him became an earnest wish; to preach him would have been my highest aim. And I truly did what I could, and preached him to all around me. Nor did I lose my reward; for I became, as it were, the centre of a new life, not only in the family where I resided, but to many who visited them.

“Knowledge is power,” it has been said; but love is greater power. And I soon perceived that I had a lever of great force, and could, with the aid of God, apply it to great advantage.

The *Christianizing* of the education of the higher classes became the subject of my constant meditation. To form citizens, who, by their influence and learning, could stay the current of increasing infidelity, and, moving in the highest sphere of social life, proclaim the virtue of their Redeemer, — this seemed to me the noblest work I could desire.

Thus the year 1836 drew to an end. I was one Sunday afternoon engaged in pleasant discourse with the noble family. It was a frosty day, but the roomy parlor was cheerful with a blazing fire; and my pupils sat around me, listening with attention to the subject of our intimate conversation. A carriage drove up to the gate, and a note was handed me. It was from the Rev. Mr. S., the first pastor of the Walloon church in H., requesting my immediate presence on matters of importance.

I arose; and, whilst taking my hat and cloak, Lady Marie said with moved voice, "Mr. Leno, I have a foreboding that this is going to take you from us."

"Lady Marie," said I, extending my hand, "*what is to be, is*. But it will never take your sons from me; for they are laid up in my heart."

CHAPTER XIX.

A PASTOR IN THE CAPITAL.

THE carriage stopped at an humble dwelling near the Walloon church. A demure and state-ly servant-woman introduced me to the study, where I found Pastor S. ensconced in his arm-chair, and, pen in hand, perusing the most recent publications.

He was a native from picturesque Lausanne in Switzerland. Short of stature, but robust, his features indicated serious meditation, with a mixture of sensual force sufficient to balance the intellectual capacity. His voice was deep and sonorous, like far-distant thunder.

When, robed in the Geneva gown, with deliberate step he entered the church, and after standing a few moments at the foot of the pulpit, bent in silent prayer, ascended the steps with the thoughtful weight of one who was to speak of immortality; then, addressing the crowded and fashionable audience, said in tones deep

and guttural, which seemed to come from another world, "My brethren, let each one of us prostrate himself before the throne of God, and make an humble confession of his sins," — there was indeed a dignity, an impressiveness, which was not lost on the gayest of the noble throng.

But when, after a prayer which gushed, as it were, from a well overflowing with the Spirit of God, he opened the Scripture, and, having read his text, poured forth a stream of eloquence, sometimes pathetic and beseeching, sometimes severe and reproving, until his whole soul, burdened with study and knowledge, seemed to burn with the fire of inspiration, yet subdued and even trembling, as in the Divine Presence, then he seemed to me the personification of the true preacher.

And when the long communion-table was spread, and rows of hundreds sat down, and he stood in the middle distributing the elements to the nearest guests, pronouncing slowly the sacramental words, and, whilst all partook, uttering short sentences of humiliation and encouragement, — sentences deep and stirring, reaching the heart of each, producing tears and holy resolu-

tions, — then, I must confess, he seemed to me the personification of the true pastor, reverently feeding the flock of the Sovereign Shepherd.

Such was Pastor S., the leader, at that time, of a religious movement in the higher circles of the residence. For, with the growth of infidelity in Germany, the deadening influence of worldliness in France, and the cold formality of the Protestant religion in the Netherlands, God had raised a new spirit, strong enough to counteract the seeds of evil. A Christian gentleman from Scotland met a few congenial spirits in Geneva; and soon the names of Malan, Merle d'Aubigné, Gaussen, Tronchin, and others, became prominent as leaders in the cause of Christ. From Switzerland it spread to Toulouse in France, and Montauban; thence soon reached Paris; and the three brothers Monod and Vinet and Grandpierre were the centres of life-giving Christianity. In Germany, the light of true religion had never been extinguished: Neander and Tholuck, and the fervent Krummachers, and many others, by their writings and preaching, proclaimed the saving power of Christ.

And in the Netherlands, if I remember well, the movement began among the higher classes;

afterwards it spread, through the instrumentality of a Leyden theologian, who boldly broke the bonds of formalism, all over the country, mostly among the poorer classes. But they adhered with obstinate perseverance to the letter of the so-called formularies, embodying the creed and practice of the "Fathers of the Synod of Dordrecht." The movement among the higher classes was more "evangelical," more in the spirit of an enlightened Christian brotherhood, and drew its life and tenets from the new Geneva school.

It was a strange thing to see chamberlains and courtiers, ladies of honor and the *élite* of aristocracy, assembling weekly at the dwelling of Pastor S., and there, in solemn silence, listening for hours to his stirring and awakening exposition of Scripture; and while the hand of persecution was raised against the poor, and gatherings of more than nineteen persons dispersed, and fines imposed, and scanty furniture sold to pay them, the aristocratical meetings in the residence were allowed!

Pastor S. received me in a friendly manner, as one whose serious disposition he knew; and at once opened the subject of my visit.

In those days, — it may be different now, — public instruction in the Northern Netherlands was singularly defective. The only public schools, besides the primary schools for poorer classes, were the Latin gymnasiums, where, beside the ancient languages, little else was taught: so that a liberal education, including modern languages, sciences and arts, could not be obtained except in private institutions. In several cities, and, among others, in the residence, the city government had established schools to supply this deficiency. The director of the Industrial School in H. had resigned. His place was offered to me.

“The appointments are liberal,” said Pastor S.; “but the sphere of usefulness is greater than any I can think of. For it will be easy to give a better direction to the whole, and to Christianize, as it were, an institution, where hundreds of the middle, and many of the higher class, who wish no university career, receive their education.”

It *was* a large, and in many respects inviting, field of action. I could not but acknowledge it. Such an appointment would place me at once in an independent position, with the means at my

disposal to carry out my views. Thus it seemed to me ; and, asking time for consideration, I left Pastor S., not without a feeling of relief when I was again rolling on the road. I always disliked “cliques,” and the secret workings of party spirit. Was it because I felt something of the kind ?

I do not know. It was late when I returned to Rivulet Mansion, and found the baron and Lady Marie awaiting my arrival. The baron was astonished and thoughtful. Lady Marie’s face expressed anxiety and apprehension.

“And our boys?” she asked.

There was a painful silence. I reached her my hand, and went to my room.

I was perplexed, more than I can now conceive. I believed, as I do still, in a special Providence. I had once rejected what was, as it were, laid at my door : I did it then, after prayer and supplication, because it seemed at war with my internal calling. But now, unasked and unsought, a position was offered, honorable and useful, and, as it were, the first step to what I had in view. Should I reject this also ? Would it not be tempting Providence ?

There was yet another consideration. The resigning director had a numerous boarding-

school of young men of the best families. Being a particular friend of Pastor S., he promised to manage it so that I could take the whole school off his hands ; and, when I objected my single estate as a serious hinderance to such an arrangement, Pastor S. said, "I have thought of that. But you have a mother, whose authority and experience would be more than a compensation. She might, perhaps, be willing to remit her establishment to your sister, and to aid you in this useful work."

I doubted it. But I resolved to ask this as another sign from Providence, and wrote to my mother.

With her usual promptness of decision, she answered by returning mail, "that she was ready" !

Then, in my perplexity, I wrote to the chevalier, and asked his advice. "It is not a government office," said he, "and therefore I would reject it. And, in your mother's co-operation, I foresee great difficulty. I know you both as highly sensitive."

He knew me truly, the worthy chevalier ! and the event proved but too well that he had rightly judged.

Meanwhile, we returned to the residence. I saw Pastor S. oftener. I had an interview with the director. I saw his house and school. I was slower to decide than my mother; and in the month of December, having taken dinner with the baron and Lady Marie, I took his hand, and said, —

“Sir, I have decided. I refuse the offered position. I remain with your sons. The only thing I ask is your aid in forming an institution wherein they will be my first, my best, my always beloved pupils.”

Tears came into his eyes (a father's grateful tears are a precious reward for any sacrifice); and, pressing my hand, he said, “Thank you! I thank God for it! From to-morrow I shall go to work!”

And so he faithfully did, with all the tact and discretion of a considerate, noble-hearted friend. I wrote a private circular, wherein I stated my views with regard to education in general, and a full, substantial instruction in particular. I limited my number to twelve sons of the noblest families. I took the position of conferring a benefit, rather than that of being benefited. If there was some pride in this, there was some

truth also. For my present position afforded me far more than I needed, with perfect freedom of action, and that refinement of associations which is worth more than riches ; and, in the position which I was ready to assume, I foresaw great care and labor, with increase of responsibility, whilst the possible pecuniary advantages weighed very little or nothing in the balance. Money and money-matters I never liked ; and I stood firm on the basis of my good and pure intentions, though sadly misunderstood by those who know that money governs the world. They could not conceive of one devoting his youth, time, and talents to a task so laborious and uninviting, with nothing else to spur to action but *the work itself*.

Yet so it was. Thou knowest it, O Searcher of hearts ! I was not covetous, nor was I ever ambitious in the sense of the world. But thy truth had found a home in my bosom ; and, delighting in the sunshine of thy favor, I wished to draw others around me, and mostly children, the sons of families whose influence and example might advance thy kingdom.

And many, I must say, did understand me and appreciated my purpose. The list of twelve

was soon made up ; and, strange to say, of these twelve there were five the *only* sons of as many ancient families. Bright and lovely boys they were, between the age of eight and ten ; and, what was best of all, they had been nurtured with pious care by godly mothers. To see them was to love them ; and there only the teacher's seed can thrive, where love, having opened the furrows of the heart, watches with constant care the growing bud.

CHAPTER XX.

WEST-END INSTITUTE.

THE summer of 1837 would be the last we were to spend at Rivulet Mansion; and Lady Marie, with delicate attention, wished to have me near, without interfering with my cherished liberty. A few yards from the mansion stood a building by itself, called the "Orangerie;" which, with woman's refinement, she had arranged for my use. It was a roomy and cheerful dwelling for a student, and allowed me to be with the family as much as I pleased, without the trouble of walking far. Many an hour I passed there with my pupils, and many a one with Lady Marie, who also had become my pupil in English. Instead of the trifling literature of the day, she had begun a more solid course of reading; and she was willing to make any effort to keep pace with the rapid development of her sons. As a true mother, she felt a deep interest

in their progress, and the need of furnishing a capacious mind, which the world was unable to fill.

Those were happy days, passed in study and recreation. My private studies were now exclusively bent upon theology. I read the Institutes of Calvin, and the ponderous volumes of Gomarus, and the learned works of the Leyden Professor Witsius. But what made the deepest impression was the Abbé Bautain's "Philosophy of Christianity," — a correspondence between himself and three Israelitish students, who were converted, and entered the Roman priesthood. Attending the abbé's lectures on Universal History, they had become attentive to the claims of the Christian religion. Before they knew it, they were converts; before they knew it, their eyes were opened; and, one after another, they addressed themselves by letters to the learned and pious professor. Their difficulties, their objections, dwindled successively away before the clear and forcible exposition of Christian doctrine as given in the abbé's answers. This correspondence, so natural, so intimate, led to their baptism, and finally to their receiving orders. The views of Bautain were, it is true, condemned

by Rome ; but they left a deep impression on my mind. For I was confirmed in the opinion, “ that Christ can be preached by giving a *Christian* tendency to *secular* instruction ; nay, that the Christian element is *necessary* to a full and true and complete knowledge.”

And, towards the middle of July, the baron made, with his two eldest sons, a trip along the Rhine. Their well-informed mind, the fluency with which they spoke three modern languages, their spirit of observation, and their historical knowledge, so available in countries full of tradition and ancient monuments, — all this commanded the admiration of their accidental travelling companions ; and their conscientious adherence to received religious instructions, their youthful hearts accustomed to prayer, and reading the Word of Life, — all this found its way to their parent’s heart. A letter from the baron, dated from picturesque Godesberg, contains so much interesting detail, so well shows the progressive influence of the Spirit of God, that I give part of it ; thus honoring thee, O my Preserver, the Fountain of all goodness ! through whom alone we can do good, and by whom alone we may be encouraged to perseverance.

“ We just now have returned from the ruins, where, in remotest antiquity, Woden, thereafter Mercury, and now the only true God, is adored. Truly, the history of one such mountain-castle might be called the type of that of the whole human race. The word ‘type’ yet sounds in my ears, from a long conversation with a learned Englishman, the author of a remarkable work on Bible history. His mind was ours. I say *ours* : for I wish to give you a hint that my mind approaches yours ; and, though I seldom speak of it, — for what is the use of talking ? — I feel that my path converges more and more towards your own belief.

“ Deep and strange was the impression which the children and myself received when visiting the ancient Cathedral of Cologne. It was Sunday evening. Notwithstanding the diversion of travelling, — and I say this with a deep feeling of gratitude, — the boys were devoutly disposed. The evening service filled the church with kneeling worshippers, incense, and heart-elevating song. They looked at me, then again around, and were amazed. Charles was deeply moved, Adolphe perplexed. It was truly imposing ; and the solemn impression was, as it were by contrast, increased by the stolid incredulity of an Englishman, who, in answer to a question, said that he believed nothing ! And there we saw, as the centre of holiness, ‘ Kaspar,’ ‘ Balthasar,’ and another one, the Three Kings, — at least their *skulls*, — enshrined in three millions’ worth of gold and jewels ! Oh, what a contrast with *one* idea of those children, brought by you in the path of truth ! Thanks for it, — thanks ! for never did I feel so deeply the blessing therein bestowed.

“ These children are most amiable in our journey ; and, could I fear false pride in you, I would not tell you, that, of all our fellow-travellers on board the steamer (and we had quite a choice company), there was not one who did not pay

me a flattering compliment on their account. 'In what school,' they asked, 'are such young children thus educated?' However, do not think as if they had to make a show. There was no occasion for it; and, had there been, believe me, working in your spirit, I would have prevented it: but they took part in the conversation, were amiable, polite, obliging, occupied themselves, asked with interest, and were all to me that I could wish. Once more, thanks!

"It is with anxiety and fear that I look out for tidings from you. Confide!—I do it for you and for me, and for yours and for mine; and my prayers are with and for you. He who brought you on my path, or rather who made your path and mine to meet,—He will make all things right. Whatever may happen, my grateful friendship is yours. Thereon I rely. For I know that now yourself, not less than I and my wife, are anxious to accomplish your work in the children committed to my responsibility."

Thus he wrote from Germany, after a day of fatiguing travel. And the letters of the boys, in purest German, breathed a spirit of thankful love; and, whilst appreciating all they saw, they spoke with joyful rapture of our approaching re-union at Rivulet Mansion. I was alone during that time; for Lady Marie and Alfred were absent also. And, in those days of solitude, I remember having approached nearer to thee, O my God! and having received the deepest impression of *what is sin*. For truly thou callest me, and I saw thy love and goodness; but

myself I did not see, before the mirror of thy face became bright enough. And then, in that light, I found the spots and stains of my soul, — yet only few ; and slowly, *very* slowly, thy Spirit withdrew the curtain. And my own wit did not find them out ; but, year after year, thou causedst circumstances and events, mistakes and errors, grief and disappointment, to show me the true state of that immortal being which thou hadst ordained into thine own image.

And what was the cause of the baron's "fear and anxiety," of his "prayers for me and for him" ? Why did he cheer me "to confide in Him who would make all right" ?

Truly, I do, even now, love him for that heartfelt sympathy with my exalted aim. For though he would lose the advantage of my exclusive attention to his sons, and of an entire home education, he had done all he could to make my plan succeed. The parents were awaiting the moment that they could place their sons under my especial care. There was Count V. D. B., who had preceded Gen. d'E. in the government of India ; there was the Baroness F., who confided to me the only descendant of a long line of statesmen ; there was the Countess V. L.

S., who was anxious to place in my charge her only son, whose father died an untimely death as general commander of the cavalry ; and others, who were anxious to see a work begun in which they took the deepest interest.

Yet I could not begin ; for I had to obtain the permission of the city authorities, and this was flatly refused. It was an appropriate revenge for my declining the directorship of the Industrial School. It was in the spirit of the times, — bitter against the *new light* in religion.

Then there remained nothing but to address the royal majesty ; and though Count V. D. B. was himself a minister of state, yet nothing could be obtained.

But the count, exasperated at difficulties, to which his Indian government had made him little accustomed, one morning said to me, in his usual tone of concentrated determination, —

“ Open the institute, sir, with or without permission ; and, if they dare to meddle with it, we shall see who can prevent me from having my son educated where and by whom I will.”

Thus matters stood when the baron returned, and Lady Marie and the children and we were once more together at Rivulet Mansion.

Though prudent and cautious, the baron agreed with the count's opinion. "Confide," said he; "go to work, and leave the result to God." And then I went to L—n to see my mother, and to take with her the necessary measures for her removal to H. For she was ready to work with her son in the task before him; she was ready to give to my institution that tone of refinement, without which no education of boys can be complete; she was ready to give up her position, and to share the risks of my enterprise. And her noble appearance, her perfect control of youth, her long experience, could not but inspire confidence. I returned with her, and she passed some pleasant days at Rivulet Mansion. The boys admired her, and the baron thought her amiable; but Lady Marie reserved her judgment. With woman's tact, she foresaw the coming clouds.

A large and spacious house was building in what is called the West End at the H., recalling by its name the aristocratic quarter of London. It was rented for four years' time, and the building modified so as to suit my peculiar views. With this and other arrangements, the month of November approached. The 15th was fixed for

the day of opening; and, in the beginning of the month, we all took leave of sweet and picturesque Rivulet Mansion. For two days more, I was a guest at the baron's house.

And then came the moment of leaving. Our last year's intercourse had been so intimate, our feelings had become so harmonious, that to separate, as it were, my existence from theirs, seemed hard and painful.

I well remember how Lady Marie stood in the hall, and the children around. I well remember the deep emotion wherewith she extended to me her hand, and said, "Mr. Leno, your time of struggle has come; but you have true friends in us." I well remember how Charles looked serious, Adolphe perplexed, and Alfred smiled, when I said, "Adieu, dear boys! The love I have for you I must henceforth extend to others besides yourselves. But love has no measure; and, if you can be no more my only pupils, you will always be, I am sure, my first and my best." I well remember how I left the hall, and heard the door closed after me, and went my way to my own house. And the thoughts which occupied my mind, I remember, — the new responsibility which I was about to undertake, the high

expectations of so many anxious parents, the new position wherein I stood with regard to a criticising public, the opposition I had to expect from certain quarters. Then, again, I was conscious of the purity of my motives. The smallest act would be an offering. These children I would love as I loved my three boys; and their love, which I was sure to gain, would be my recompense. These were, thou knowest it, O God! my thoughts, when that night I walked silently to my new home, where, during four years' time, I should work much and suffer much and learn much.

And, that same night, I called the inmates of my house together, and, having read Thy Word, knelt down, and invoked thy blessing upon the house, and the work therein to do, and its present and future inmates. And this was the first time that I knelt in prayer with my dear mother, since the day that she taught me, when a little boy of six, the prayer of the Lord.

She arose in tears; and, giving me her hand, she said, "Thou hast prayed well: I could not do it so." And I felt humbled before my mother, and a nameless foreboding crossed my mind. But I embraced her as a son, who, since his child-

hood, has been weaned of so great a blessing ; and said, " A great, a good work is before us, mother ; and God has kindly brought us together for its performance."

A sigh was all her answer.

The following day, the parents came, conducting their precious deposits ; and the assistant teacher came from England ; and there was great bustle and moving and arranging until the school was in fair operation.

A few days later, the minister of the interior department came to see the baron, and said, " It is all right: the king has instructed the city authorities *to let West End alone.*"

CHAPTER XXI.

A CLOUD.

No institution was ever begun under more favorable auspices than that of the "West End." With the zeal of enthusiasm, strengthened by the powerful impulse of religious principle, I soon became for my new pupils what I had some four years been to the sons of the baron. I was always with them. From the time of morning prayers, where every living soul in the house assisted, to that of evening worship, when all were once more gathered, I was with them. In their studies, in their plays, I was with them. For soon I loved them; and love makes all things easy.

Oh sweet remembrance of time usefully passed, when no minute was begrudged, and the work seemed pleasure, because it was a work of love, and I could say, "The more of it, the better" !

I had pupils of all ages, from eight to fourteen. Differing in temper and progress, I wished

to unite them, and to create amongst them a certain *esprit de corps*. And I adopted a plan, which, to this day, I esteem the best, where many boys are gathered. I contrived to make *them* ask my permission to form a little company of soldiers. They had their chief, their sergeants, their drummer. They had their chasseurs' uniform and gun and knapsack. They had their daily roll-call, drill, and reports. They had their days for shooting at the target; the younger ones with bow and arrow, the older ones with gun and shot. They had their punishment for breach of discipline, and their solemn court-martial for graver offences. Truly, the child is father to the man; and I have often, very often, admired the sense of justice and decorum manifested even by the youngest. And, to this day, I remember the deep impression made when once I disbanded the company. The little soldiers, with serious mien, knowing what was to come, donned their uniforms and knapsacks, and shouldered their guns. They fell in their ranks,—the last and youngest a bright little fellow, with smiling face. Then I said seriously, without effort, for I *did* feel sorry, “Young gentlemen, there have been strife and discord amongst

you: I feel obliged to disband you." And Adolphe, who was the chief, with characteristic energy commanded, "*Shoulder arms! present arms! right and left, fall out!*" And I shall never forget the sorrowful mien wherewith they stripped themselves of their uniform, and placed their muskets on the rack; nor the dreary quietness which pervaded the whole school during three days. They could stand it no longer. They signed a petition in due form, promising better things, and asking to be restored; and I gravely signed my consent, and from my study could hear the joyful shout with which it was received.

And, when the ice threw its glassy sheet over the thickening waters, each had his pair of swift-gliding skates; and off we went on long or short excursions. Or on the extensive ponds, in the magnificent "Wood Park," they used to show their expertness to the throng of aristocracy enjoying the gay and joyful scenery.

But the study-hours were many and long, yet never wearisome. Three hours began the morning work, devoted to Latin, Greek, and mathematics. Then came a slight repast, with two hours' play or walk or exercise. The next were

two hours of lighter occupation, given to modern languages, to drawing after bust or model, the construction of geographical maps or tables of history, and to the sweet melody of vocal music ; and when dinner was over, where pleasant conversation and the occasional presence of a guest prevented the sin and evil of greediness or surfeit, a little play at shuttlecock or a walk in the garden prepared for the evening studies. Then I gave my lessons of general interest on Bible history or universal grammar, and the art of composing, and bringing into written form, what the mind had first conceived. They all were wide awake : for children of all ages love the picture-gallery of God's holy Word ; they all delight in the progressive development of their thoughts ; they all enjoy the faculty of rightly expressing what their mind has fully grasped.

But the happiest hours were those of Friday evening. In the large parlor they all gathered together, each bringing his portfolio and drawing materials ; and at the extensive table they took their seats, and began to sketch and work with industry in deepest silence. For I sat at the head of the table, the Word of God before me, and read aloud the touching histories of patri-

archal times and judges, kings and prophets; and now and then I explained, and asked a question; and sometimes I made a pause, and went round inspecting their designs, correcting and advising. But, at the appointed hour, the portfolios were closed, the household came in, the chapter of the evening was read, and explained to children's capacity; when all stood up, and sang one of the touching "*chants de Sion*;" then knelt, and in prayer I commended them to thee, O my God! for at that time I had no bitterness, and I could easily give what I so abundantly received.

Thus we lived and studied: and if my life was one of constant care and occupation, if none but the few hours of sleep were hours of rest, and even those disturbed by severe cough, I did not feel it; for I soon loved all those boys as truly as I did my former pupils. They were bright and gentle; and my unreserved sacrifice to their welfare soon kindled in their unsophisticated hearts the soft, burning flame of true affection.

There was but one whose violence of temper for a long time baffled all my efforts. The only son of a noble countess, he inherited from his

military father an indomitable spirit, which bade defiance to all rule and discipline. He was the only child whom ever I have been obliged to *chastise* in the scriptural sense of the word. But I did it deliberately, and with unflinching severity, gathering strength from deep conviction of duty. When he saw my perseverance, and the grief and sorrow which struggled in my bosom; when, week after week, I had to go through the terrible ordeal, — he perceived my extreme love in my extreme severity. And he loved me more than any pupil ever did; his heart clung to me with all the earnestness of gratitude; and when, six years thereafter, I departed for America, with heart-rending sorrow he hung on my neck, weeping bitter tears. On board the vessel, I received his last farewell letter, wherein he said, “I cannot express my feelings when remembering all the blessings and all the care which I enjoyed during the long years passed with you; and sometimes I remember with gladness, *that you never punished me but justly*. I have often thought of you, nor do I forget you in my prayers. But I feel I am yet far from God; for I do not love to pray, yet have I a secret desire of being converted. What

must I do?" And what I answered him, or if I answered him, I do not know; for soon the swift-sailing vessel was steering to the West. But this I know, that my dear, dear William T., the boy whom I loved *best*, the countess's son, and godson of the king, is now an humble, faithful minister of Him whom then he sought.

And, whilst those children gave me a daily reward by their affection and progress, the parents did not less to encourage the man, who, they felt, devoted heart and life to their dearest hopes and expectations. Their visits and those of their friends and relations were assiduous. Our classrooms were seldom without these intelligent, appreciating witnesses; and our evening lessons were frequently enlivened by the presence of mothers, who fully entered into my plan of instruction. But the sweet Friday evenings were a chief centre of attraction; and some made it a habit of coming regularly.

Thus I worked; and "West-End Institute," under especial royal protection, became the praise of many, and the stumbling-block of some: for, where there is success, there is, by the natural impulse of the human heart, a sort of jealousy. We generally wish only well to

that which is *our own*, or under our own direct or indirect protection, — to that which is more or less identified with *ourselves*, even in remote degree. What is not so, we are disposed to treat with indifference, or, at the slightest occasion, with hostile feeling. Such is man, even in this showing the original of a divine pattern, but defaced. For Thou, O perfect Love! wishest well to *all* men, because they are *all* thy workmanship, and are related to thee, even the most erring, as creatures to their Creator.

And I myself — I loved this work, perhaps too much, as my own. Perhaps the love of these children, and the praise of the parents, and the esteem of men, made me too secure ; and I gave less attention to the feelings of others, and courted less the approval of others, and thus made a breach of charity. Truly, O my God! thy Word has said, “The heart of man is deceitful in all its ways.” Twenty years have passed, and humbling sorrow and affliction have chastened me ; and, thou knowest it, I have often tried to find out the secret workings of my heart ; and I know it was then pure and true before thee, as much as we can be before the only true and holy One : but I verily think I was *too se-*

cure ; and confiding in thee, and in the honesty of my purpose, which was a virtue, I neglected my fellow-beings and their influence, which was an evil.

Pastor S., who was ready to exert so great an influence in the "Industrial-school" affair, had little or none in "West-End Institute ;" and the party of which he was the leader, and which included some of the most influential families, and, among others, the Baroness F., whose son was one of my pupils, looked upon me as a natural "exponent" of their views.

I called Pastor S. the leader of that party. I was perhaps wrong. He was the spiritual director and adviser, — the "oracle," so to say ; but he who gave position and authority to the party, who brought it in connection with politics, was the Counsellor of State, Baron G. V. P. He was a man of singular abilities, a most accomplished scholar, a sound and thoughtful writer, a strong adherent of the reigning dynasty, a thorough champion of the "divine right of kings," a deep and uncompromising Calvinist, and therefore a determined friend or foe.

But following the advice of the baron and of Lady Marie, and not less the dictates of my own

rather independent spirit, I avoided the very semblance of party tendency. My happy Friday evenings took the place of the Friday "meetings" at Pastor S.'s: my whole arrangements were, perhaps, in opposition to some of their more "precise" views; and, except the natural parochial relations, I gently repelled some endeavors to bring "West-End Institute" under the real or ostensible influence of Pastor S. Yet, with all this care, in two instances I accepted their advice and aid; and, to this day, I must regret it.

My only help to assist me in the arduous task was an English gentleman. He came highly recommended by one in whom I placed unbounded confidence. He was able, but eccentric; and what I sought first of all, what was so indispensable in conducting the work as I understood it, — a heart wherein the Spirit of God was stirring, — I did not find. It marred his influence, it destroyed his usefulness; and, after three months' trial, I gave it up, and said, "Let us part in peace. The work we have before us requires another disposition. Let us part in peace." In this I acted with the advice of the counsellor, who was peremptory in all things.

Reluctantly he went; and, whilst the counsellor and Pastor S. took upon themselves to seek in Switzerland a proper aid, I remained alone, and worked beyond my strength.

For in instruction and general guidance my noble mother could not assist me. Her health was feeble, her nervous system highly irritable. She truly loved me, and had looked forward to her new position with all the joy of one who feels the need of "busy rest."

"My heart is lighter," thus wrote she once, "at the thought, that, living with you, my soul will receive more life. I shall not always have to give, — always to give: I, too, shall receive salutary impressions."

And in another letter, "Yes, my well-beloved son, I wish to devote to you those years of my life, wherein, whilst being useful to you, I may enjoy the happiness of daily intercourse. I am very decided upon that subject. Daily I pray the Lord to bring us together, and to bless your noble undertaking. I shall do all in my power to become identified with my new duties. I shall know how to learn; and the very thought of making your home more agreeable awakens my soul, and renews life to my senses."

Thus wrote my dear mother ; and she meant all she said ; for she was noble, and a lover of truth. For a time, I was happy and proud : happy in having the society, experience, and aid of one in whom there was so much to love and to admire ; proud in being enabled to maintain in my interior arrangements the spirit of refinement and decorum, which made a home of my institute, and a Christian home, completely answering the dream of my life.

But often, when, after a day's heavy work, I sat down in the cheerful family room, and expressed my heartfelt satisfaction, my gladness, at un hoped success, I was answered with a sigh, a silent sigh, which checked the happy current of my feelings ; and when friends came to see my mother, friends who had not approved her resolution, I perceived a cold restraint, a feeling of uneasiness.

And I have a sad, very sad remembrance of some days. But, on the day of my twenty-seventh anniversary, I made my customary walk with my pupils. It was a gray and gloomy afternoon. I remember each step, each barren tree, each snowy pathway ; for my heart was heavy, and my oldest pupils walked by my side.

And at dinner I sat down alone, as I had done two days before ; and, when that night I went to bed, I was afraid and trembling.

But, in the early morning, I heard a carriage stopping at the gate. The coach-door was opened, and as soon closed again, and the coach drove off at a rapid pace.

And, when I came down, I found that I was left alone.

CHAPTER XXII.

SUNSHINE.

THUS was the prediction of the chevalier fulfilled. The so newly erected building of my hope received a terrible shock. For those who were unfavorable to my enterprise drew the conclusion, that a son who did not honor his mother could not rightly educate the sons of others ; and those who were worldly-minded were glad to say that my religion was an external garb.

Those were days of unutterable sorrow. My heart seemed one wound. But I went on with my work as well as I could, though I felt languid and amazed : for I was not yet accustomed to be the subject of public talk ; and to defend myself seemed to bring on an accusation.

Then it was that the baron rendered me the service of a true and prudent friend. Wherever an accusing voice was uttered, he went in per-

son, and spoke from personal knowledge; and thus, by degrees, he rectified public opinion. For, during four years, he knew me intimately, with all the good and evil there was in me. My sweet sister also, whilst devoted to my mother, equally loved me, and did not fail to rectify erroneous judgments: and my own dear mother perceived, but too late, the harm she did; and wrote:—

“My heart is sad, when thinking that I am far from my two children, whom I love. Oh! why did my health, affected by a life full of trials, prevent me from being for you what I so much desired? Had a change, so great at my age, not influenced my manner of seeing and appreciating things, perhaps I should yet be there. This I repeat to myself every moment. Oh! do not accuse yourself.”

Thus she wrote in answer to my sorrowful letters, for she loved me truly; and six years thereafter, when sixty-four years of age, she crossed the ocean to live with me, and, after three years, departed in my arms, with blessing.

The storm passed, but left me weary and lonely. With an effort, I resumed the daily routine, and with even more concentration of

force than before. For now my pupils were my all ; and though many well-meaning parents advised me to seek a companion, who might share my labors, and restore to me the sweetness of family life, all my thoughts, my energies, my efforts, were bent upon one thing,—the complete success of my institute, the realization of my theory of education and instruction.

And I did succeed. My former pupils, stimulated by the additional power of emulation, worked hard and well, and did me honor ; and the younger ones, without exception, answered fully my endeavors. The only thing I needed was an aid, capable to enter into the spirit, not only of the moral, but also of the intellectual and social training.

And, through the endeavors of Pastor S., there came a young man from Switzerland to assist me. But I soon found that he needed instruction himself ; and I cheerfully gave it him, and treated him as a brother. He was simple, and of narrow capacity, but had an under-current of cunning shrewdness, which afterwards gave me much trouble.

At the counsellor's recommendation, I received a matron, to be at the head of domestic

affairs. She was a thorough housekeeper, but worldly-minded, and with a spirit of intrigue which I did not understand. For I was inclined to take people as they appeared, and had not learned the art of *governing*; which chiefly consists in “using the good qualities of men, and guarding against their evil ones.”

I had now been obliged to increase the number of my pupils; and fifteen noble boys were gathered in my fold. When the month of June drew to an end, I appointed a day for examination; to which the parents and their numerous friends were invited. The thought of “preparing” for an examination never entered my mind; for my pupils had been “preparing” all the time. It was a review lesson, intended to show, not only their individual progress, but the whole system of instruction.

Many were the noble ladies and friends, who, on the last day of June, thronged the study hall; and when my boys came in with all the confidence of “doing well,” because they had implicit confidence in their guide, my heart, I must confess, beat high. I felt *one* with them, and as a superior link between them and their parents. Like every morning lesson, I opened this with

prayer. Then came the review of our Bible reading; and the little son of Count V. D. B., a beautiful boy, narrating with lively precision the "wanderings of the Israelites in the desert," I took occasion to remark, how this life is the desert through which we travel to gain a heavenly Canaan; and I heard the aged count repeating with deep conviction, "*True, very true!*"

Then, whilst the higher classes reviewed their mathematical and physical studies, the younger ones wrote a composition in French, which they handed to their parents, as a remembrance of the day.

This took two hours. Now came an hour of rest and of great surprise. For, after a few moments, the drum was heard, and the word of command, and the clash of guns, and the little troop marched proudly and firmly to the playground; and, having shown their expertness in drill, knapsack and gun disappeared; and, in a moment, they were running the swinging-pole, balancing in the horizontal bars, climbing the ropes, and racing and jumping, until the drum recalled them to the ranks, and the study-bell to the hall.

Then an hour was given to review the younger ones in German and history and geography; whilst the older class solved an algebraical problem, and made a German composition, which they handed to their parents.

And the last hour was given to Greek and Latin, whilst the younger ones exercised their skill in a rectilinear drawing. It was all natural, because they did what they were accustomed to do. It was a true exponent of their instruction and progress. It was a day of satisfaction for the parents, of pleasure for the pupils, and of honor for myself. It was a happy day.

After dinner, my delighted pupils made a long walk with me along the sea-shore, talking and laughing, and laying out plans for the six-weeks' vacation. And when, towards dark, we came home, we assembled for prayers; and, having blessed them, we separated, to meet again on the 16th of August.

But I began to prepare for a journey to Germany and Switzerland; for my health had suffered by continual exertion, and I wished to see the best establishments for education, and to learn by seeing and comparing. This had been

a cherished plan, once slightly alluded to in a conversation with the Dowager B., the grandmother of one of my pupils ; and whilst, one day, I was regretting that perhaps I should have to give it up, as the expenses of a new establishment were great and many, a letter was laid on my table, containing five hundred dollars in bank-notes ! But the letter itself was far more worthy ; for the venerable and noble lady pressed, in kind and sympathizing words, the necessity of a journey for the restoration of my health, and its usefulness for the extension of my knowledge and experience. She feared there might be an obstacle, which she was happy to be able to remove.

“ Allow me, sir,” thus she ended, “ to beg of you to accept the enclosed bank-notes, as a mark of my esteem, and of the interest I take in an establishment, which, under God’s blessing, must have such happy results for the precious children confided to your care. Is it necessary to add, that, amongst them, there is *one* who is *very dear* to me ? ”

CHAPTER XXIII.

GERMANY AND SWITZERLAND.

As soon as the steamer had carried me to the Prussian frontier, I took the stage to Bonn, where I had letters of recommendation. It is a cheerful city, with its shady walks and pleasant vineyards and its sociable inhabitants. I found the tone of the students far more refined than it is usually, and soon perceived that it was owing to their frequent intercourse with the many agreeable families residing in the place and neighborhood. Professor Nietsch was, at that time, the soul and life of the evangelical movement in Rhenish Prussia ; a learned man, with childlike simplicity. He made me acquainted with Mr. Thormann, a Bernese patrician exiled from his country. With his accomplished wife, he had succeeded in establishing a most excellent institute for young ladies. Of all the institutions I have seen, this came nearest to my ideal of Christian home-life, joined to extensive solid instruction.

I spent there happy days. I found congeniality in aim and purpose; and their accomplished daughters charmed me with their unsophisticated simplicity. But soon the steamer carried me up the panorama of the Rhine to Coblenz, with its impregnable fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, in name as forbidding as in aspect; and thence to "golden" Mentz, the pride of Germans. The much-praised Rhine I thought tedious, the many castles monotonous, the names harsh; and I was glad when I was rolling in a carriage along the pleasant road to rich and thriving Frankfort.

An elderly gentleman, a respectable merchant from Elberfeld, had offered himself as my companion through Germany to Schaffhausen. He bore the forbidding name of Wolf, but was better than his name; for a meeker Christian I never met: and though I prized independency above all things, not least when travelling, I accepted his proposal.

From Frankfort we journeyed over Darmstadt to Heidelberg. In Darmstadt we took our breakfast in a most delightful garden. I well remember the inscription over the entrance. It was characteristic of German feeling, and struck me by its touching simplicity: "The flower speaks:

‘ Oh ! look at me, but do not cull me ! For life so beautiful and short has God, and not thou, given me.’ ”

The whole road was lined with apple and pear and walnut trees ; and the wayfaring man was welcome to all. But here and there I observed a small bundle of straw suspended to the trunk. When I asked what it meant, the coachman said, “ Those are a few trees which the owners reserve to their own use.”

I was struck with the number of children which I saw in the villages and towns. But their behavior astonished me more than their numbers : for I never saw them play boisterous games, but they mostly conversed peacefully together ; or, toward evening, they were sitting in groups before their humble but neat and tasteful dwellings, and joined in sweetest choral harmony.

I lingered more than two hours among the interesting ruins of the Castle of Heidelberg, which they began to build in 1300, and which was burnt in the last century. But what pleased me most was the delightful garden, with its magnificent cherries, whose fame is spread far and wide. The students here seemed less refined than those of Bonn. I was shown the house, on

the other side of the gentle-streaming Neckar, where they daily met to fight their ruthless duels ; and many were the handsome faces disfigured by an ugly sabre-stroke.

From Heidelberg we went over sweet and flowery Heilbrunn to Stuttgart, with its broad and regular streets ; and thence, through a country as picturesque as artist can desire, we arrived at Tübingen. The tone of the students here seemed even more rough than at Heidelberg. They avoided all intercourse with ladies, but in their studies were said to be superior. Allowing a perfect freedom in manner and method, the faculties observed an unflinching severity in examination and discipline.

And now we left what has been called the garden of Germany, with its varied scenery, its many and populous villages, its thrifty, honest, and refined inhabitants ; a land of song and music, of social habits and pleasant intercourse. We took our journey through rough and mountainous Suabia, stepped over the Danube near its source, and reached ancient Schaffhausen, with its irregular streets, its numerous fountains and curious houses, painted with image of knight or saint. Here my worthy companion left me for St. Gallen, on the

beautiful Lake of Constance ; and I went in an opposite direction, on the road to Zurich.

Every thing assumed a smaller scale, except the works of God. No more domains of princes and dukes ; no more castles with long-sounding names, the cradles of many a sovereign house ; but the scanty soil divided among many, and those the hard-working, sturdy mountaineers. The lordly parks dwindled away into modest farms and humble sheepfolds, the stately mansions into thatched cottages and solitary *chalets*. But in the distance loomed the bold and rugged outline of the Berner Oberland ; and far above in the deep azure, here and there, some sharp and pointed cloudlike spots attracted my attention. They did not move or change. "What *can* it be ?" said I to the coachman, whose seat I occupied. "Are they clouds ? What are they ?" And, pointing with his whip, the sturdy Swiss, in broad and guttural tones, gave me the full benefit of his knowledge : "The Jungfrau, the Wedderhorn, the Finster Aarhorn, the Schreckhorn," &c.

And I remember that I was filled with awe. They stood at more than a hundred miles of distance, the silent witnesses of the Power which heaved them up from the bosom of a convulsed

globe. In their needle-shaped form and ghastly hue, they appeared to me as gigantic hieroglyphics impressed on the dark-blue sky.

In Zurich I had a pressing letter of commendation to the Baron Meyer de Knonau, a type of Swiss aristocracy. Highly educated, refined, and obliging, he received me with kindness. He introduced me to the Reading Cabinet, a beautiful locality; "but only for the *nobility*," as he remarked with stately reserve. It sounded strange to me in republican Switzerland.

Then he took me to the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, combined with that for the Blind. We found the director engaged in teaching one of the first. He was from Wurtemberg; a handsome man of about thirty, whose countenance beamed with affectionate goodness and intelligent benevolence. They used no finger-language: all communications were made by the distinct inflection of mouth and lips. Most wonderful to see them speak together without a sound, but moving their lips as if speaking with particular distinctness! I spoke thus to some, not uttering a voice, but merely moving my lips as if speaking in an "earnest" whisper. They answered me readily and well.

The director showed me the *ninth* volume of a diary kept by one of those deaf and dumb (then fifteen years of age), most beautifully written, and admirably composed. I find in my notes of that day, "How very, very glad I should be to see the oldest of my pupils perform such a work!"

In another locality were the blind, both boys and girls. I heard them sing a piece composed by one of them, and set to music by another; and, whilst I was yet entranced by the impressive melody, they began a chorus which drew tears from not only me, but even from those who were their daily attendants. The musical talent of some was wonderful: they could immediately name all the sounds of a piano-accord of five, six, and seven notes.

I left this institute, more than ever convinced of the little I did myself, and almost ashamed of having undertaken that little.

It would be difficult to surpass the Baron Meyer in kind regard toward a stranger; and others, to whom I had letters of introduction, showed me like attention. But soon I was on the road to Berne, the nominal capital of the Helvetian Republic; a beautiful city, round which the Aar streams with rapid course, with high and well-

built houses, an endless number of balconies, and handsome-arched sidewalks. I thought the Bernese costume very pretty, the women handsome, but the language harsh and disagreeable.

An introduction to Baron de Friesching opened to me not only his own hospitable house, but all that I could wish to see. My chief desire was to be at Hofwyl, the institute of the celebrated Fellenberg. Himself of noble family, the enthusiasm of philanthropy had sustained him in his long and strenuous efforts to improve the public education of all classes.

I found him a venerable gray-haired man, erect and dignified, yet with a mixture of benevolent humor. Evidently pleased to meet a man, who, in the task of education, saw more than a matter of business, he charged his son with the care of showing me through the establishment.

It was a little village by itself. There was the institute for the *higher* classes; a noble, spacious building of three stories, with about sixty pupils. The arrangements for studies, bathing, swimming, gymnastics, &c., were most complete. At a distance was the building for the *middle* classes, with some hundred and fifty pupils; and, farther off, the institute for the *poor*, with its

various shops of carpenters, blacksmiths, &c. Some were educated as agriculturists, and the extensive grounds were intrusted to their care.

There was not a teacher or usher who had not been educated at Hofwyl. The whole was like a vast machine, one part supporting the other; yet I could perceive the traces of decay. And I thought that the cause was the absence of positive truth; that it was more the embodiment of one man's individual idea than the spontaneous growth of a life-giving principle.

For, when I returned to the venerable originator of this vast undertaking, I found him full of enthusiasm with "eternal ideas;" but an humble reliance on revealed truth I did not find. He showed me the Oratory, where, every Sunday, he lectured to his pupils; and, when I asked him what were mostly his subjects, he answered with the glow of enthusiasm, "The eternal ideas which are implanted in our nature!"

I left Hofwyl with thanks for received attention, but also with a deep feeling of disappointed expectation.

From Berne, the stage took me over a pleasantly varied road to Fribourg, with its magnificent suspension-bridge. There all spoke French, and I

was glad ; for the Swiss sounds harsh and rough. It was midnight when I arrived at Lausanne, where I had several letters of the more “ spiritual ” sort.

The following day was Sunday ; and I went to the Church of St. François, where I heard a very good discourse on the touching scene of Rebecca’s departure, and arrival in the tents of Isaac. The subject struck me ; for I must confess that my thoughts wandered often in the fields of imagination. And I left the church with the unanswered question, “ *Is there a Rebecca for me ?* ”

This text in after-time recurring to my mind, like Professor T.’s *the world wide open*, caused me trouble and vexation.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IS IT REBECCA?

WHEN, the following day, I was on board the steamer, crossing the lake to pleasant and cheerful Geneva, my attention was fully taken up by the widow of a Moravian minister. She was more than handsome, — she was interesting; and a cherub-like little son of five increased the attraction. Her conversation had the sweetness of Christian refinement; and it was with regret that I took leave of her when the steamer stopped at Nyon, where she resided.

Did I think of Rebecca? I do not remember. But the little fellow's sixth birthday was to be on the 7th of December. I marked it carefully in my note-book; for there I see it yet. It is on account of this little memorandum that I mention the incident; for the thoughts which busied me when pencilling that line have been swept away by the rapid course of twenty years, and that lovely widow I never more beheld. But my soul,

when recalling the memories of the past, must confess, that it became entangled, as it were, in the dangers of a fixed idea, *as if I had to seek a Rebecca far off*; and I called *faith* what was indeed a lack of faith, seeking instead of waiting, and thus weaving a net of difficulties and sorrows where my path might have been smooth and pleasant. For not willingly, O my God! dost thou afflict the children of men, and thy hand lies seldom heavily on them; but, resisting or forestalling thy providence, they make their own troubles. And when truly *thine* own hand strikes, they feel the difference; for, with the blow, thou sendest the spirit of consolation.

My first visit in Geneva was to the venerable Merle d'Aubigné, to whom I was strongly recommended by several friends in H. A son of the Baron V. H., who had already placed two sons at West-End Institute, received his first education in d'Aubigné's family. As he was to become my pupil, his parents requested me to take him in charge on my return. I found him an amiable, intelligent boy of thirteen, who proved an agreeable companion.

Merle d'Aubigné was a man in the strength of manhood, of large proportions, very dark com-

plexion, severe aspect; but, under the dark and heavy eyebrow, there flashed a light of Christian fortitude and meekness. I truly loved him, and I could perceive that he took in me a more than common interest. His wife, a lady of commanding beauty, was a native of Portugal; who, touched by the light of gospel-truth, fled country and kindred, and became a faithful pastor's wife, and the mother of a most charming family. When, a year thereafter, I saw her again, I found her mourning with a mother's sorrow: for one after another they had been gathered into paradise; and through her tears she spoke with touching simplicity, "Truly, it has shaken my faith; for I begged so hard for the *last* one!"

And through d'Aubigné I became acquainted with the learned and amiable Gaussen, the enthusiastic author of the "Theopneusty;" and with Pilet Joly, eloquent through the simplicity of his faith; and with full-souled Laharpe, and others of the "Ecole Théologique," at that time the true exponent of the great and wholesome movement in Geneva.

But my heart yearned after the author of the "Songs of Zion." To him I had an introduction from his son, whom I met at Tübingen. I had

none other: for already then he stood alone, — alone in his excellency, alone in his faults, alone in his security; and, perceiving this, my heart, itself too secure, sought him out with strange and unaccountable eagerness.

About half a mile from the suburbs of Geneva, there was a charming spot, not improperly called “*Pré Béni*,” or “*Blessed Meadow*.” It was an extensive garden, with an enclosure of fragrant hawthorn, jessamine, and lilac. Laid out in simple style, the undulating grounds presented the most pleasing variety of flower-beds, terraces, and groves of chestnut, lime, and rose trees. The dwelling was like the surrounding garden, in its style combining Swiss simplicity and English comfort; and near by stood, ensconced between the graceful trees and shrubbery, a neat and cheerful-looking chapel, with its belfry always ready to call to prayer: it was the “*Church of the Witness*.”

For there the venerable pastor had borne witness to the truth of God for more than twenty years, in a time of reproach and persecution, in a time when the divinity of his Saviour was openly denied in the pulpits of Geneva. Endowed with all the gifts of body and mind, he refused the

applause of an unbelieving multitude, and, descending from national pulpit and professor's chair, became for Switzerland what Wesley and Whitefield had been for England.

He received me as one whom he had long since expected. I was struck by his appearance. His snow-white hair waving in graceful locks over his broad and well-built shoulders, his clear and piercing eye, his almost faultless face and winning smile, — it all took me by surprise. Soon we were in deep and searching conversation; and I left him, with the promise of an evening visit, to make the acquaintance of the family.

That afternoon, towards dusk, I went to the Chapel of the Witness. It was rapidly filling with sober and serious looking men and women. The "songs of Zion," so sweet and solemn; the fervent prayer of the pastor; the pathetic and heart-searching exhortation, — it all struck me by its natural expression of deep-felt piety. It was different from what I had seen or heard before.

From the chapel, I accompanied the pastor to his dwelling. And they sat down at the long supper-table, the venerable parents at the end; nine maidens, young men and children, between them. Three were absent, — one a missionary in

India, another a student in Tübingen, and a third (a daughter) on a visit to Nyon. The pastor was the same in his family circle as in the pulpit; wide awake, and glowing with Christian affection. And at last the whole family, rising, sang one of the “chants de Sion;” after which, all kneeling, he poured forth a fervent prayer for his family and for the absent ones, and did not forget the stranger and his work.

When, on the following day, I mentioned my unbounded admiration to the noble-hearted d'Aubigné, I perceived a shade of thoughtfulness settling on his brow. What he said, I do not remember; but it became clear to me, that, even among the “brethren” in Geneva, there was diversity of opinion. And I believe, that if I had followed his advice, “to be on my guard,” I should have saved myself a great amount of trouble; for the excellent pastor of the Witness was extreme in his views, and my ardent mind was but too susceptible.

Having visited the numerous establishments of education in and near the city, the time of my departure approached. It was Saturday; when a son of the family of Pré Béni knocked at the door, and kindly inquired after my health. It is

true, I had not been there since my second visit. I had not answered the pastor's friendly invitation to come and go like one of the family. I had followed the advice of wisdom ; I had avoided the fascinating influence exerted by the vivid expression of heartfelt but *exclusive* piety ; by the magic of wonderful talent, but subservient to a *one-sided view* ; by the loveliness of family life devoted to the service of God, but only practicable in the *seclusion* of Pré Béni. And in this I had followed an instinctive dread, a mysterious warning. But, when the amiable young man pressed an invitation to dinner, I did accept.

And again I entered the precincts of the "Blessed Meadow." I remembered the first meeting with the venerable pastor, and the even-song. The spot seemed to possess a mysterious charm, increased by my protracted absence. I felt as if I came to *my own*. Thus said my heart, whilst my reason kept silence.

And, when we were seated at the long and neat but frugal table, my eye, wandering along the line of lovely children, discovered the third daughter of the family, who had just returned from her trip to Nyon. Unlike her elder sisters, Melinda was dark-eyed, and her raven locks

almost hid her beautiful features from my observation. She spoke little, and her whole attention seemed to be given to her younger sisters. As soon as dinner was concluded, she arose, and, taking a small basket, went out to visit some poor and sick in the neighborhood.

The pastor and myself went into the garden, and sat down in the shade of a beautiful lime-tree. He spoke about my work and prospects; and I opened my inmost soul to him, as a son would to his father. Perceiving the need which I *felt*, but did *not* express, of a companion to share my cares and prayers and hopes and sorrows, he pressed me in his arms with tender affection, and said with solemn emphasis, "My brother, on the mount of the Lord it shall be provided;" and I left him with the promise of passing with him the following evening, the last of my sojourn in Geneva.

That evening, after supper, the *dessert* was brought. It was a plate filled with slips of paper, on each of which was written a sentence from Scripture; and, as it passed round, each one took his slip, the guests as well as the smallest children; and, in turn, those who were able said some words of explanation, or answered some

questions. It was amusing, interesting, and instructive ; chiefly so by the inimitable manner of the pastor. Melinda read her sentence : “ The Lord is thy shield and buckler.” They were the first words I heard her speak ; and I thought her voice was sweet and melodious.

After this, a tiny box was presented by one of the little girls. “ This box,” said the pastor, “ goes around every Sunday evening, and each one is expected to give something. What is thus collected is employed to redeem a slave from the market of Cairo, and to give her a Christian education. We have already redeemed one, who is now receiving education.”

Thus the evening passed in sweet and useful conversation ; and towards ten o'clock they all arose, and sung, on account of me, the touching “ chant du départ.” The pastor blessed me with encouraging and consoling words ; and as, one by one, I took leave of all, my eyes for the first time met those of Melinda. “ *Dieu vous bénisse !*” said she in sweet and silvery tones, whilst reaching me the hand ; and her eyes seemed to me beaming with Christian affection.

The following day, I left Geneva with thankful feelings for all the kindness I had received. We

travelled over Lausanne and Neufchatel and Fribourg to Berne. From there we went to Thun and Interlachen; thence through all the sublime and sometimes "awful" beauties of the Berner Oberland. We crossed the picturesque but sometimes dangerous Waltstatter Sea; and, over Lucerne, came to Schaffhausen. There we took a carriage to cross the south of Wurtemberg, and the gloomy yet interesting region of the Black Forest.

At last we came to Coblentz; where we waited the arrival of Mrs. F., an elderly lady from Neufchatel. Strongly recommended by Mr. d'Aubigné, I had engaged her as matron in my institute. Her age, her experience and piety, made him think that she would be a desirable person to fill the place. Though he was, in some measure, deceived, and I with him, yet she was kind and good. We continued our journey pleasantly, descending once more the picturesque Rhine, until, at the appointed date, we reached the field of our labors.

But during all the travelling, on Alp and glacier, on lake and road, in steamer and in swift-rolling carriage, the question returned with unceasing assiduity, *Is it Rebecca?*

CHAPTER XXV.

THE DEMAND.

I CAME home with all the vivid remembrances of rapid and varied travelling, and with the fragrance, so to say, of Christian life, as seen in more than one household of Geneva. But, when I entered the large and roomy institute, there was no congenial soul to bid me welcome. It seemed all cold and dreary. I deeply felt that I had no *home*. I had perceived it before; but it never struck me as now; when, thoughtful, I sat down in my study, a novice in the arts of intrigue and calumny, and wondering at the wickedness of men.

For the matron, who, by the arrival of Mrs. F., perceived that her rule was at an end, exerted all her art, and smoothness of tongue, to give me blame. Those, too, who had placed her with me, took a more or less hostile position; and the time which she remained, under color of

initiating the new matron in her duties, she employed in perverting the young Swiss whom I had received as an assistant.

Inexperienced, and with little learning, he had come from the Helvetian mountains, and in the royal residence was little at ease; but seeing his studious disposition, and aptness to learn, as well as a conscientious strictness in the discharge of his duties, I had tried to make the best of the case. As a brother I treated him, and taught him, and provided for him; and, for the little service he could render, I gave him an honorable salary. When I returned from his native country, I felt still more for him, for I understood him better; and I looked to him, if not as to an efficient help, at least as to a friendly companion, in whom I could place confidence.

When he saw me on my return, he was glad, as one who wishes to escape a temptation. But, after a few days, he became gloomy and reserved; and, when I kindly pressed him for an explanation, he became overbearing, and went often to Pastor S. and the counsellor, and finally made his stay with me dependent upon such excessive demands, that, in conscience, I could not accede.

It was nearly midnight when he claimed "settlement," and declared his intention to leave the next morning. I gave *all* he demanded; and, wishing him a better mind, turned to my eldest pupil, saying, "What next?"

He was a youth of seventeen, affectionate, and nearly idolizing me; and he answered, "Pastor S. is very wrong."

From that time I knew that Pastor S. and Counsellor G. V. P. were *not* among my best friends.

There was a great rumor in the city about those successive departures; and I could *not* apply to myself the text, "Woe unto you if all men shall speak well of you!"

But the institute went on steadily and prosperously: for I worked hard, and without ceasing; and, leaving some branches to other teachers, I kept the most important in my own hands.

Then Lady Marie gave proof of devoted friendship; for my Swiss matron, though zealous and attentive, was insufficient for the task of directing and governing such a household in a country not her own. And, month after month, Lady Marie came daily to the "West End" to

instruct her and guide her. Oh woman's friendship! when true, so very true, so very devoted, so indefatigable!

Why I did not open my heart to her, I do not know. Why in this I made a breach of friendship, I do not know; unless it be that she had been for years my "beau ideal" of woman's excellency, and that I was averse to showing her the glimpse of any thing approaching her in my estimation.

Whatever it was, I did not speak; and the less I spoke, the more the distant ideal grew in brightness, the more my silent yearning took the form of real need. With the pastor of the Witness I had kept up a regular correspondence; for my heart was knit to his, and with none I ever felt such perfect congeniality. In answer to one of my letters, he wrote, the 9th of November, —

"On your account, O well-beloved! we have no manner of anxiety. Your heart is firm in Jesus, and himself will show his deliverance in the day of need. He will be your counsellor, and, if need be, your comforter, with regard to the subject your letter touches. If he wishes your *solitude* to cease, himself will direct you to her

who has to be your companion in this life. If, at that time, there had been occasion for your good friend of Geneva to hear all you had to tell him, he would have done so, when, under the shading garden tree, you opened him your heart. But he felt, as he feels at this moment, that *then* he could not do it; and he directed you to the Lord. To leave him our future is our true security. Thus I do. I wait.

“You perceive this is a hurried letter. But, if to-day I answer you so rapidly, do not think that your remembrance is superficial in my family. *It is quite the contrary*, my well-beloved; and your name is never pronounced under my roof but with thanksgiving and blessing.

“It is, therefore, in the life and peace which we *all* have in Jesus, that I send you all my love, and that of *ours*.”

And then I wrote him a letter, wherein I opened the inmost wishes of my heart; and, pleading with the earnestness of enthusiasm and the peremptory decision of religious persuasion, I said, “O my father!” (for thus I was accustomed to address him,) “give me your third daughter, Melinda.”

Thus much I remember having written ; but the answer, which I have before me, I know better.

“ What a letter, well-beloved ! and what a demand ! What prayers needed on both sides, and what wisdom, in such circumstances !

“ You wait for an answer. It is your conscientious advice which I come to ask. Tell me, what would you do in the place of a father, who, having seen two well-beloved daughters leaving his happy home, was called upon to separate from a third one, *indispensably* needed for the education of four younger sisters ? What would you do, if this daughter declares that she cannot leave her family ; that she dreads expatriation ; that she knows, of him who asks her in marriage, nothing but what is honorable, yet not enough to appreciate his character, views, and habits ? What would you do, if the father himself was in the dark, in many respects, concerning the health and resources of him who asks him *such a gift* ?

“ Do you think, my well-beloved, that, with all the esteem and Christian affection the father had for the friend, he could, as a *father*, say *yes*, even against the wish of his child ? Not as if

there were aversion, — far from it; but because there might be other thoughts.

“ Judge yourself, and be sincere; for I ask your advice with the same frankness wherewith you have written me. Both you and I are before God.”

To this letter I did not answer rightly; for I was under the influence of a “fixed idea.” Thus it seems now to me. Ten days thereafter, I received the following:—

“ Well-beloved, what a sadness in that poor half-sheet, written in haste and with bitterness! I had consulted you in all sincerity; and when asking you, ‘What would you do in my place?’ I expected the cordial and detailed answer of your affection. In its stead I receive a deep lamentation; and you see nothing but a refusal, where, in truth, was nothing but a doubt, an uncertainty, in which I appealed to your own prudence.

“ If Rebecca was consulted when it was proposed to her to be the wife of Isaac, and if it was *she* who had to answer, ‘*I will go,*’ what could the father of this dear and precious daughter do, when you said, ‘Give her to me’? What could he do but say to her, ‘Wilt thou leave us to unite thyself to this friend?’

“And what if my daughter answers, ‘I have the greatest esteem for him by what you say of him; but I do not know him: I have never spoken to him. I am ignorant of his character and habits; and I am so *happy* with you, that it will be very difficult for me to exchange this happy fate for any other. But if he comes again to Geneva, and visits our family, then he will be known more fully; and then also the Lord will show if his request must be acceded to.’

“If such is the answer of my daughter (a wise and scriptural answer), what shall her father do? What can he do but explain the position to his friend, and say, ‘*What do you think of it?*’

“I am sure, then, well-beloved, that you have misunderstood my letter. I hold me still before the Lord. I wait his decision. Weigh these things; and do not say that there is a refusal, when there is only ignorance of the will of our heavenly Father.”

Thus he wrote in sweet and affectionate language, and my heart was at ease. With renewed vigor, I attended to the increasing numbers of my pupils. And on the fourth day of February, 1839, I held a second examination,

which was more largely attended than the first, and brought me more honor and credit: for my older classes readily wrote a Latin composition, and were well advanced in their mathematical studies; and my younger classes, after a half-year's study in Greek, astonished learned men there present by reading and translating the Greek Testament. The praise and encouragement which I received stimulated me to greater exertion. My occupation was incessant; and living, as I did, *with* my pupils, I did not find the time for recruiting. Many were the warnings given me by kind and affectionate friendship; but I heeded them not, feeling altogether "too secure" in my honest intention. But in the latter days of March, a season harsh and inclement, I felt my strength diminishing: yet I heeded it not; and, after the usual morning lessons, I made a long walk by the seashore. On my return, I sat down, surrounded by my eldest pupils, and explained to them (I remember it well) a lesson in Euripides; when all at once my eyes grew dim, and, sinking from my chair, exhausted nature gave way.

During many days, a raging fever consumed me. My wandering mind dwelt constantly upon

my pupils, and Charles was first in my imagination ; next came William T. ; next, others in succession. But all my ravings, strange to say, I remember yet. And my pupils' anxious inquiries, and the parents' sorrowful visits, the doubts expressed by physicians, I confusedly remember, as well as the workings of my own spirit, seemingly fluttering on the confines of eternity.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE FLIGHT TO TARSHISH.

WHEN the crisis was passed, and reason returned, Lady Marie was at my bedside. There she had been from the beginning, watching and attending to my wants, and, in my extensive household, directing and governing, so that each one should do his duty; for my Swiss matron, though good and kind, was inefficient.

Twenty years have rolled by, and Lady Marie will never read these lines; but, if she does, they cannot convey to her the hundredth part of what I feel when remembering those days of languor, in which I beheld her like a guardian angel moving and stirring about, and with characteristic energy encouraging my amazed soul.

For, when the fever had left me, I began to realize my position; and, with the ardor of youth and mental force, I called together my pupils, and opened the school with prayer, as was my custom.

But I sank down in utter prostration ; and though weeping with impatience, I must confess it, I had to resign myself to the sick-room.

And then, having regained strength sufficient, I went with a faithful servant to the pleasant environs of Z., where the Moravian brethren have a large community.

It was in the first days of the beautiful month of May, when, in those climes, the leaves begin to sprout, and Nature presents the image of a true, a blessed resurrection.

Frequently, towards dusk, I walked slowly to the Moravian church, and enjoyed their simple worship, their short but Heaven-speeding prayers.

And once, on my return, I met, at a distance, the Swiss assistant who so ill repaid my care and kindness. His heart smote him when he saw my feeble state ; for he turned aside. But the same evening he called on me ; and then he confessed his wrong, and, as I knew before, brought it home to the evil influence exerted upon him by the former matron. I forgave him freely, and rejoiced to see him occupy an honorable position in one of the Moravian schools.

During a fortnight, I gathered strength, and then returned to H. with the hope of being able

to resume my labors. But, the very first morning, I had to give it up ; and the physician now interfered, and said that further attempts would endanger my life, and that forty days at least of rest were necessary to recover from utter prostration.

The summer-vacation of six weeks was advanced ; and, on the first day of June, I was on the steamer to Bonn : for there I would rest, and find medical advice and kindly friends.

An entire change of air and scenery restored my energies much sooner than was anticipated ; and in Bonn I found my excellent friends the Thormanns, and passed many pleasant days with them. But my heart was restless ; for to no one had I breathed the indirect obligation I was under of going to Switzerland ; and, at first, the state of my health seemed to make such a voyage impossible : so that it was with difficulty that I obtained the physician's consent to go to Frankfort, where I had an appointment with a German teacher recommended to me by the Thormanns.

I engaged him, and was on my way to take my passage in the stage, which in four days and nights would take me to Basel.

What was it, then, which made me doubt ? for I returned, and passed the night in suspense.

Did I not ask her? Was I not told to come and see? My heart's impulse, stimulated by the feverish activity of an overworked brain, drove me to go on, backed, as it were, by a religious enthusiasm which I mistook for faith. My reason, strong enough when left alone, blew the bubbles of my imagination to nothing, and showed me the folly of persevering in what seemed, after all, the mere impression of a moment, nourished and strengthened by the illusions of distance.

Thus it seems now to me. Or is it that the human mind has a mysterious power of foreboding evil? Or is it that there are guardian spirits who give us warning, and kindly influence us to abstain from what may do us harm?

I really do not know; but well do I remember the secret anguish of my foolish heart, and how it was a battle-field of conflicting powers, the one urging on, the other warning back.

The first, for a time, gained the victory; and from Frankfort I took the stage to Mentz, and thence the steamer to Manheim. But there, in the sober thoughts of night, a dread came over me; and, the following morning, I returned to Mentz. On the steamer, surrounded by gay com-

panions, who little knew what conflict was battling in my bosom, I poured out my doubts and fears, my wishes and hesitations, in a letter to the pastor of the Witness. This letter I mailed at Mentz, and continued my downward course to Bonn.

And to this letter the pastor answered :—

“ Yes, O man of little faith ! you have feared to know what God wishes of you and for you, and you ‘ have fled to Tarshish.’ Your letter is full of trouble ; and yet how deeply it has touched me ! You suffer, and even much : is not this enough to make me suffer too ? Could I write at large (which my trembling and nervous hand forbids), I would tell you how inconsistent you are with your own desire. For how *will you live*, if this state of uncertainty is prolonged ? and how can it cease, if you prevent its ending ? Absent, you remain unknown ; and, *unknown*, you can neither be refused, which might be unjust, and contrary to the will of God ; nor can you be accepted, which might be imprudent and hazardous. Judge, then, of your course.

“ And judge also of my position. On one side, it is your friend, your good friend, who sees your weakness, and is obliged to say, ‘ Why not

know *decidedly* what is the will of God? Why fear this interview? Whatever may be the issue, it must be his good pleasure.'

"On the other side, it is a father, and a father who respects the feelings of his child, and will not and ought not to presume, nor to provoke any determination. This father, however, believes to have shown enough what his own heart thinks, nay, what it *wishes*; for this father looks to Christ, and not to earthly treasures.

"This letter is hurried. Yours came yesterday. When will this one reach you?"

It reached me many, many weeks thereafter, when I came home; for on the *same day* that he penned those pressing lines, so full of heart and sense, I had taken my passage on the stage *through* from Bonn to Lausanne.

And there I arrived after six days' travel night and day. I rested one day; for my mind and body were fatigued. I engaged another assistant, who was recommended to me by the venerable d'Aubigné.

The following day, I was on the steamboat to Geneva, where I arrived in the afternoon, and directed my steps once more to Pré Bénî; and, when I met the venerable pastor, like a father

he embraced me with the affection of Christian love.

“Have you received my letter?” was the first thing he said.

When he understood I had not, he was glad. He took me into his *hermitage*, which was his study, a cheerful little building in a remote corner of the garden. There, kneeling down, he prayed with me, as was his custom; and his prayer I remember, because he spoke to Him as present, not far off. Then he arose, and, folding me in his arms, he said, “I am glad;” and holding me at a distance, his beaming eye fixed on mine, he said, “You look tired and care-worn. Go to our neighbor, the excellent Miss C.; rest yourself, and speak to her as you would to us. I go to fetch my wife, who is on a visit to her parents. Then come, and partake of our supper.”

I found in Miss C. an elderly lady, fondly attached to the pastor’s family, and combining with great loveliness of disposition a sound and practical sense.

“Melinda,” she said, “has always evinced a great aversion to marriage. Four times she has been asked by parties honorable and acceptable in every sense; but four times she has refused.

Home is her all ; Switzerland is her all. But she gives better reasons than these. Her two elder sisters are married far off, one in Scotland, one in France. Her younger sisters look up to her for guidance and instruction ; and, with her mother's feeble state of health, she verily thinks her place to be at home. This is against you. But in your favor is the desire of her mother, who seems to love you as one who might be her son ; and the wish of her father, who considers you as a son, whether you marry his daughter or not. Truly, you have more advantages than any of your predecessors ; for you left a favorable impression during your last visit. And, if you gain this prize, I shall be glad for you, and not less for her whom I really do love ; for my opinion of you is founded not only upon excellent reports, but also upon pleasant personal acquaintance."

Thus she dismissed me with kind and encouraging words ; for the time of my visit to Pré Béni approached. And, commending my case to her friendly protection, I left, and entered the gate of the "Blessed Meadow."

The venerable mother received me with the simplicity of Christian love ; with the dignity of a mother who has a treasure to bestow, she

received me. The moments were few ; but the words were full and pregnant. I remember them all ; but best when she said, “ *If you become our son.*” This made a mark, which, to this day, is not effaced ; for, truly, I am their son, through the love of Him who lives in them and me.

When the folding-door was opened, Melinda stood surrounded by a throng of sisters. Lovely children they were ; as it seemed to me, from the age of eight to sixteen ; and with worshipful love they looked up to Melinda, — since the departure of the two eldest, their guide and instructress. Some of the youngest sisters are now married, and have crossed the ocean to follow their “ ministering ” husbands.

What we both said, I remember ; for in both of us the same spirit was alive : it was a spirit of reverence, a dread of presuming and forestalling the providence of God.

When the even-song was finished, and the pastor had commended all, and not least the stranger and his desire, in a prayer warm and glowing with love, he said, “ Leno ” (and I remember the tremor which ran through me when hearing myself thus addressed), — “ Leno, during the shades of night, you cannot stay with us ; but, when the

sun returns, come to the ‘Blessed Meadow,’ and pray with us, and remain with us, as if you were at home.”

That night the moon was nearly full, and its soft light oversilvered the beautiful Leman. From my window in the Hotel des Bergues, I saw the water balancing in the cooling night-breeze, and rocking the graceful crafts and sailing-boats to and fro; and, far in the distance, the vine-clad shores were sparkling with hundreds of lights in as many scattered and peaceful dwellings; and above me the sky was blue as the waters of the lake, seemingly transparent like a crystalline vault; and around me I heard the subdued buzzing of the many voices of a populous city. It was a scene of quiet, *domestic* grandeur. My thoughts went back to the North,—to the stately residence, to the West End, to the Institute, to the classroom; and shutting the window, and preparing for much-needed repose, I thought, “A beautiful home! and such a family!—such a father, such a mother, such lovely sisters! Truly, the will of God shall be done.”

During three days, I had been the familiar guest in the pastor’s family; and many had been our conversations, and sweet and instructive the

intercourse with the pastor; and my views on many points took a more decided, a *too* decided color. But on the fourth day, in the morning, *she* sat down in the shade of a beautiful chestnut-grove, and said with a smile of satisfaction, "I have good news for you: *you may hope.*"

What I thought or said or did, I very well remember; but as then I revered her, so do I now.

"My friends," she said, "wish me to decide this week; but I think it worthier of you and of me, and more regardful of God, that, having said thus much, I should wait at least four weeks for my decision."

"You are a lucky wight," said Miss C., when I stormed into her room to carry the joyful tidings. "I knew it all: you certainly did not lose your time!"

After that, I tarried four days longer; and having made my peace with the sisters, who grieved at their impending loss, I went the last morning to take my leave. For each one I had a little present to remember me; for Melinda I had none. But I dropped a few pieces of gold in her purse for the poor: this was my gift. She was free to thank me for it; and so she did.

Then the pastor summoned us to his hermitage, where we found the venerable mother; and with pious words the parents confirmed their gift, should Melinda's decision agree. Then, kneeling down, he commended me to the care of Him who brought me there; and when I had taken leave from the daughter, and received the mother's blessing, he accompanied me to the gate. With fond affection he pressed me to his heart, and said in his playful manner, "Though you rob me, I send you away with my blessing;" and his beaming eye followed me long on the road to the steamer.

It carried me down to Lausanne. From there I took the stage to Basel, the old and venerable theatre of Erasmus's learning; and the rest of the journey home was made by steamer, swiftly gliding down the Rhine, until at R. I landed; and, within a few hours' time, I was at West-End Institute.

CHAPTER XXVII.

D E C I S I O N .

THE evening of my arrival, I sat in my beautiful garden-room. It was, as it were, the *family* room, where we gathered morning and evening; where my pupils were *at home*; where visitors entered freely; where I could see the boys playing, sauntering, and running, in the play-grounds. My good old matron sat opposite at a small tea-table. It was the only semblance of family-life which I could muster; but, as it was, I remember it with pleasure. I was tired of travelling, but did not feel fatigue; for I spoke to her of Geneva and the "Blessed Meadow" and my happy prospects.

As I said before, she was good and kind, and loved me with motherly affection; and she listened with pleasure to the overrunning fulness of my heart. The first who with joyful steps sprang into the room and on my knees, and hung on my neck, was William T., the one whom I loved best, because, through the severity of the

chastening rod, he had found the well-spring of my heart. He was amazed at my appearance, so strong and healthy, so flushed with hopeful energy. Alas, dear boy! he did not know that for *me* had come the time of severe correction, — the time wherein *I* had to learn to love through the clouds of doubt and grief.

Soon the house began to fill; and my newly engaged teachers arrived, both men of solid learning, and the institute assumed a form of completeness and thoroughness which made it a pleasure to teach; and, by the increasing numbers, it would seem a pleasure to be taught. But when, after the first morning lessons, I entered my study, my eye glanced over the writing-desk, hoping to discover among the many letters which the mail had brought the peculiar form and stamp of Geneva tidings; for the time approached wherein my heart would be fully set at rest in a matter which now pre-occupied me with impetuous desire.

But as, in the calm of a summer-day, a few small clouds prognosticate the coming storm; so, from time to time, a letter from the pastor, or one from an intimate friend of Melinda, foreboded coming disappointment; and, on the 14th of August, the pastor wrote me from Tübingen: —

“Well-beloved, I have received the letter, wherein you express your fear, and in the same time your resignation to the will of God. Is there a better peace than this? Were he not our stay and guide, how could we, without constant agony, pass through life? I suffer with you, for your pain is great; and with you I wait for that which God, yea, God himself, will order. For listen.

“I left Geneva on the 5th; and on the city bridge I met the carrier of the mail, who put in my hands a letter, which on the road I opened. It is from a young minister of God, a friend of our family, *who asks me the hand of Melinda.*

“I have kept this from her and from her mother. I shall do so until I know what God decides concerning my daughter. Not as if I thought that she would accept this proposal: I believe the contrary. But we must leave to God all his right; and as you, well-beloved, would not have a wife whom God himself did not give, so do I fear lest my daughter’s decision be affected one way or the other, should I reveal to her this new demand. But you can judge of my position, and how *entirely* I must depend upon God, assured that he will dispense to me, to you, to all,

that which tends to our real peace, and to his glory in the midst of his children. I have no other expectation, no other right.

“And such is yours. With the Almighty you have to do. He is your Father: what should you fear?”

“Peace, then, and prayer, until the issue. I wait it; and so do you, whilst our adorable Saviour teaches you patience.”

Thus wrote the pious father of that God-fearing maiden, who in prayer and anxiety sought for love sufficiently strong to break the bonds of home and parents' care and sisters' affection, and to follow the stranger in the North, and there with him to labor.

“None she loves as well as you:” thus wrote her friend, the lovely Loïse. “Your pious tenderness and affectionate regard have made a deep impression on her appreciating heart. But her parents and sisters draw her affections; and, never inclined to marriage, she desires, however, to do the will of God. Do not press a decision at the appointed time; for I fear it might be unfavorable: wait, and be patient.”

But I, with impetuous desire, and unable to bear up against longer suspense, wrote to Melinda

words of urging tenderness, with passionate appeal to the past, and foreshadowing my dreary future. And to this she answered, humbling herself if there was any fault of hers, and deeply lamenting the pain she caused, but confessing, that, after prayer and supplication, she did not hear a voice strong enough to go, whilst so many duties and sacred affections told her to stay.

And though, after this, Loïse wrote that Melinda had refused the French minister, and advised me to hope and wait; and though the venerable mother, with pious tenderness loving me, and perceiving the depth of my affection, suggested, long thereafter, the feasibility of removing my institute to Switzerland,—from the day that my eyes gazed long and steadily at this letter of the pious maiden, I saw and felt that God had decided.

To this day, Melinda is with her aged parents, a monument of filial piety; and in my heart she is enshrined as one whom once I loved more than I ought, till, knowing the will of God, the stormy waves of my affection, which flooded my heart, were made to run in the deep and purer channel of Christian charity.

Thus I have, O Source of my life! remembered

her whom thou allowedst me to meet and know, yet not to call my own. Why thou didst so, I have often inquired: for, in that time, a cloudy mist seemed to cover the canopy of heaven; and, in the agony of my soul, I could not discern the brightness of the sun, but only saw the glimmerings of light, — enough to know that thou wast present. Still, why thou shouldst thus allow thy servant to be afflicted, I wished to know. Why didst thou allow me to meet her and to love her? and, when loving her, why didst thou forbid me to love? Thou knowest, I asked thee often in those times. But thou didst not answer me; and, forsooth, I would not have understood thee; but, since, thy Holy Spirit has taught me, when length of time, and course of circumstances, made it clear.

I had loved others before, but none like her. I had loved others for their beauty, their loveliness, their talents, their worth, approaching more or less to my ideal of woman's excellency. I had loved them; and loved them less, or ceased to love, when I found them deficient. But I never loved one as a child of God, whom I could receive from him as *a gift for all eternity*. Thus I loved her. And, when the gift was denied, I

suffered for the time : for the wound was deep ; and, even when it ceased bleeding, there remained a painful gap. But no one could fill it but a child of God ; no one but whom I could ask and receive from him as *a gift for all eternity*. And thus, for several years, I was kept from seeking a less excellent one ; and, in the midst of many occasions, I was enabled to wait until He who made the wound applied “the balm of Gilead.” Thus it now seems to me.

And my heart, opened for a time to all the bewitching influences of chaste and pure affection, was throbbing with delight, and loved Thee in the gift expected ; but, when the gift was withheld, it shrank with terrible revulsion. Yet love it must ; and, after the first bitterness of that medicine, it sought relief in the very Source of love. I then began to dive deeper into that ocean of Thy wonders, as revealed in Thy holy Word ; and the study of theology and the gospel ministry became the subjects of my constant meditation.

But, from my intimacy with the pastor of the Witness, I had, with the enthusiasm of youthful ardor and sincere belief, imbibed a tendency *too exclusive* for the time and place wherein my lot

was cast. His motto was, "Separation from the world, without compromise." He carried it out to its full extent ; and with his numerous family, and many admirers in all quarters of the globe, he had stood erect, notwithstanding the dreary loneliness which by degrees had formed itself around him.

To separate from the world was to separate from Pastor S. and the counsellor and the whole aristocratic circle of believers ; for they all, and wisely, remained within the pale of the national church. It was an unwise step ; for it caused me to be blamed by all, by the devout as well as by the worldly-minded.

And I am astonished that the prosperity of the institute was not affected by this measure, unnecessary and premature. It was not. The confidence of men remained unshaken, notwithstanding the rumors caused by envy and malice. It must be, that the honesty of my purpose created respect, and took partly away the "savor of bitterness" which follows all separation, — the well-deserved wages of "heresy and schism." For it is not by "separating from the world" that the children of Truth will better preserve the truth "which worketh by love ;" but it is by

“living in” the world, and “bearing” with it and “sympathizing” with it, that they must “take up the cross,” and follow Him who was “in the world, yet not of the world.”

But this I did not understand ; and, with the best intentions and the purest motive, I erred grievously.

When the Christmas-days approached, one morning the mail brought me a letter with superscription in a to me unknown writing. *It was from Adelaide!* The very name sent a thrill through my heart. It replaced me at once in the lovely garden at L. with my father and Mrs. R. and those sweet affectionate children. It seemed as if the fragrance of their innocence surrounded me again ; and the charm of their *natural, unselfish* love soothed the more or less bitter feelings awakened by six years' contact with the world. I stood entranced, — my eye resting on the name, and glistening with emotion.

“Her mother was ill, very ill ; beyond recovery. For many, many weeks, she had been watching her ; and, if I could come and see her, it would be a consolation.”

Folding the letter, I took my hat and cloak, and with hurried steps went to the stage-office.

I was just in time. The passengers were taking their seats ; and, having pencilled on my card a line to Mrs. F. to inform her of my departure and probable absence for a few days, I was soon on my way to A—m.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ADELAIDE.

It was dark when I entered the populous metropolis, with its long and busy streets, its gas-lit stores, its throng of public and private carriages hastening to balls or concerts and theatres ; and I wound my way through many a street, until I reached the dwelling of the venerable Mrs. R.

At once I walked up stairs ; and, in the front-room, a maiden stood mixing a relieving draught. Tall and graceful, the silky hair waving in long ringlets over her shoulders, the eye-lash shading two orbs full of devoted love, but dim with sorrow and anxious care, whilst the bloom of health seemed struggling on her feverish cheeks, — thus she stood in the silence of night, a very picture of holy innocence, watching the call of her mother. And I heard the faintest whisper proceeding from the couch of sickness ; and the maiden went in with the cup of relief.

I stood amazed. Was this the child of ten years, whom so often I had fondled and petted and reproved? Whilst I was recalling the sweet memory of times past, she returned, and beheld me wrapped in my cloak; and, her eyes beaming with pleasure, she exclaimed, "Mr. Leno!" and, throwing her arms round my neck, she wept tears of joy and sadness.

What I felt, I cannot say, because I do not know. It was the sweet recollection of my early youth, with children's play and fondness, and my aged father's humble contentment; and now the playful, sometimes wayward child had grown to a blooming maiden, fragrant with the perfume of chastity and innocence. She loved me as the friend of her childhood, she revered me as the protector of her sweet and talented sister; and my heart, which had seen so much excellence in woman's nature, which had for years admired in respectful silence the golden virtues of Lady Marie, and for a season revelled, as it were, in the affection of Melinda,—my heart, warm and glowing with the fire of sympathy, opened, and, in its quivering folds, received the lovely Adelaide.

Thus it was. For I have sought, O Source of my life! the beginnings of that deep affection

which I conceived for her whom thou gavest me *for all eternity*. I have asked, whether it was the sweet remembrance of blooming childhood, or the loveliness of chaste and pure virginity ; but I have not found the answer there. Thou hadst prepared her for me ; but I knew it not. For until thou hadst manifested thyself to her, and, through her, hadst sent me words of hope and love, I could not think she was the one whom thou hadst destined to be my help and aid in this earthly life, and my sweetest companion in the realms of eternity.

Having given our tribute to the memories of the past, and to the sad occasion which brought us again together, she led me to the sick-bed of her mother, which was to be her dying-bed. Thin and feeble with slow-consuming fever, she reached me her hand, and spoke of the pleasure my visit gave, and of the hope she humbly entertained of being soon released of this earthly life. Yet her two youngest daughters, so sweet and lovely, but so young, gave her a deep concern. The elder, once my favored pupil, was safe in an honorable and useful position : but the younger, gifted above many, was near her heart ; and she commended her with anxious care to my protection.

Two days I passed there ; and I saw Eleonore, and wondered how God had made the seeds to prosper, which in early days, with tender care, I had deposited in her favored mind. The two sisters clung with the affection of old to the friend of their childhood ; but Eleonore was soon recalled to her duties in another city, and Adelaide remained alone with the sweet but heavy burden of attending her venerable mother. Sixteen weeks she staid with her, night and day, — sixteen weeks of hope and anguish, of grief and consolation ; until, in the month of March, she closed her mother's eyes, and was an orphan.

She was not without protection in the great metropolis ; for an uncle of her mother, a wealthy merchant, became her guardian. He was kind to her, though uncongenial in taste and habits : for he was worldly, as were those around him ; and I was anxious, perhaps beyond necessity. The Countess Dowager V. L. S., the mother of my dear William T., loved the maiden by what she knew of her ; and, with her uncle's leave, she went to her, and staid, like a daughter with a mother, loving and beloved. But, towards the end of the year, she went to France, where, at the Protestant Normal Institute at L., she enjoyed

the privilege of an extensive Christian instruction. Thus thou didst, O merciful God! prepare thy gift. And I knew it not; for though her letters to the countess were frequent, and full of affection, yet what thou wast performing by degrees in her truth-loving heart, I did not know until the appointed time.

During the first part of 1840, the Institute grew in name and solidity. If it seems strange to say this so often, it must be remembered that things go *slowly* in that country. Confidence is not easily gained; but, once acquired, is not easily lost: and to nothing I look back with more satisfaction than to the honorable appreciation thus gained by degrees, and, during years, preserved, notwithstanding obloquy, malice, and envy.

Towards the end of June, a third examination proved to parents and friends that my theory of simultaneous instruction in ancient and modern languages, in all the branches of mathematical and physical sciences, in the arts of music and design, was more than a vain speculation; and that the whole was pervaded with a Christian tendency, at once elevating and truly refining. My work was *complete*; and with satisfaction I behold, even now, the programme of the seven

hours' examination, as held on the 25th of June. None of my pupils then was older than sixteen years: but, in mathematics, they stood a *thorough* examination in conical sections and higher equations; they translated the Greek of Demosthenes, Homer, and Euripides, into Latin; and, in Latin, they readily explained Livy, Cicero, Virgil, and Horace; whilst, in the presence of all, they wrote compositions in Latin, German, French, and English, on subjects given by the audience.

During the vacation, I made a journey through Belgium, with an especial regard to the paintings wherewith its churches abound. I saw many places where my ancestors had lived and worked; and I was amazed at the rapid development of industry visible in all the parts of the Belgian kingdom since the separation from the uncongenial dominion of Holland. The whole country was covered with a network of railroads, of which the safety and rapidity are unsurpassed. Cities, populous and picturesque, were spread everywhere at short distances. I saw agriculture brought to perfection, and the whole kingdom presenting the appearance of a well-cultivated garden, with pleasant variety of meadows, corn-fields, orchards, woods, and forests, and, near the

Meuse and Moselle, extensive vineyards. The country was dotted over, as it were, with ancient seats and castles of illustrious families. The population was honest and industrious, attached to the religion of their forefathers. The Walloon provinces were especially remarkable for urbanity of manners and sociable politeness. Three universities were in prosperity, famed for their literary and scientific celebrities. Public instruction was cared for by a paternal government, and schools of industry, arts, and design, established everywhere. There was a general enthusiasm for music, and scarcely a town or city without its harmonic society. Annual competitions, and games of various kinds, reminded one of classic Greece. All these things struck me; for I was an attentive observer. I ceased to wonder that the fair provinces of Belgium were considered a jewel in the mighty Emperor Charles's crown; and the convulsive grasp of William to retain these dominions, I could appreciate.

Through the Forest of the Ardennes, I travelled to Spa, once the rendezvous of European diplomacy, where many sovereigns, from Peter the Great to Philip of Orleans, left traces of their sojourn. And there I made the acquaint-

ance of the Viscount d'Arlincourt, that celebrated novelist of France, who, even in his tales of fiction, dreamed of Bourbon legitimacy and the divine right of kings. He was an invalid, and seemed to avoid all human intercourse; living as a hermit near the Gironstère, one of the most beneficent fountains.

Directed by my physician to the same source of health, I succeeded in approaching the eccentric man of letters.

But a better acquaintance I made there: for, accidentally, I found the volumes of Fénelon's Correspondence; and I remember that they exerted a great influence upon my tendencies. The sweet and learned Fénelon, with his deep and spiritual views, became not only my favorite author, but strengthened the secret wish of becoming a preacher of the gospel, a comforter of wearied souls. He opened to my view the inmost springs of human nature; he showed me a wider field of usefulness than school or college or university. Day after day, I read these volumes in the sweet retreats of the Gironstère; and I began to say, "If I cannot preach as Fénelon, I can feel as he, and advise and console, and dispense the 'balm of Gilead.'"

With these impressions, I returned to H., and once more opened lessons at the Institute. My time was divided between scholastic duties and theological studies; for to be a minister of the gospel had become my aim. To the pastor of the Witness I had written; and, with his sound and positive sense, he said, —

“Your work is a *mission*; for, to spread the gospel among the ‘mighty,’ is it not a mission? What work can be more useful and more acceptable? And your house is a *temple*; for there you minister to the wants of those who may become heads of families. What service can be more to the honor of God?

“But, if your heart desires the *ministry*, study; and, having studied, go to Scotland, and receive the imposition of hands, and act as a minister of God.”

Thus he wrote, and thus I labored; when, on the second day of December, I received notice from high authority *to close the Institute!*

For, on that day, King William solemnly abdicated in favor of his son, once the chivalrous Prince of Orange; and with him I lost the royal protection. The long-compressed enmity of worldly-minded, power-loving magistrates could

not wait *one day* ; and, with retiring royalty, West-End Institute had to fall.

But the anxiety of parents was great : and on *their* account, with soured heart, I went to the director of police ; for there I had to bring the sacred cause of Christian education. To him I went, and asked for time until I had addressed the royal majesty. He was a man of honor, who esteemed me and my work ; and, though his instructions were peremptory, he took upon himself the responsibility of delaying extreme measures. And I went farther. I humbled myself even to go to the city authorities, and there to ask the boon of existence until the king's will should decide. With the bitter smile of victory, it was conceded ; and forthwith I penned a request, of which I have the copy before me.

With the consciousness of birth and high attainments, I approached his majesty, and laid before him my four years' successful work, the approval of so many noble families, but most that of his own illustrious father. " Accomplish," I said, " the work begun by him, and allow me, by decree, permission to continue my Institute here, or in any other place of your dominions. Protect with your especial authority an establish-

ment which always, but more so in these times, deserves your attention, — an establishment wherein the sons of nobility are trained in the wide range of science, civil and political ; wherein loyal affection for your illustrious dynasty is fostered, and the principles of enlightened Christianity are inculcated, teaching to ‘love God above all things,’ and to ‘honor the king.’”

This document was placed in the hands of the chief-chamberlain, Count V. L. S. But day followed day, and week succeeded week, without a royal response ; for the days of the venerable William were gone, and royalty was no more approachable.

CHAPTER XXIX.

R E B E C C A.

THUS I passed the winter from 1840 to 1841 in suspense and humbling uncertainty; waiting in vain for the favorable decision of a monarch whose profligacy I detested, and whom personally to approach I would have disdained. The work for which I had sacrificed the prospects of youth, and the first energies of undeceived enthusiasm, the work which had assumed a solid form and comely appearance, began to be tinged with the withering influence of uncertainty. The Institute, where nobility was trained in the highest branches of science and carefully nurtured in the fear of God, was dependent for its existence on the whim and caprice of paltry city authorities. And each day might see the scandal of its doors being closed by the police, as those of a public nuisance; whilst each night, in which, after prayers, my pupils retired with a blessing, might be the last in which they would be allowed to remain under my protection.

Bitterness entered my soul, I confess it, O Source of charity! when Thy servants sided against me, and the children of Truth kept silence because I did not follow their views. Not all did so; but those whose influence might have stemmed the tide, which now began to run against me.

For the families who had confided to me their sons remained unshaken in their opinion, and the love of their children was unimpaired; but the uncertain state of things, being noised abroad, intimidated others, and cast a veil of doubt over the rectitude of my intentions.

And old griefs buried in the course of time, and traditions of family, which seemed absorbed in the novel career I had opened to my youthful ambition, chastened by the impulse of religion, began to stir again. What, after all, was Holland to me? — what the reigning dynasty? Whatever I owed, had I not paid it back with usury? Had I not risked my life in battle against the Belgian Provinces? Had I not devoted my whole heart and all my talents to the education of its nobility? and, now that I asked the simple permission of continuing my work, — not even in the royal residence, but *anywhere*

in the kingdom, — was I not left in doubt and uncertainty, equal to, if not worse than, refusal?

Thus my heart was soured, and I remember those months of suspense with pain and grief; for I had attained the age of matured manhood, and I could appreciate the workings of party-spirit and maliciousness under the cloak of religion, combining with a heartless world to overthrow the work of years. I began to look to the Belgian Provinces as the natural asylum where I could find a free and untrammelled field of action; where I might expect congeniality in all things except *one*: for Belgium was the bulwark of Roman power. In Belgium, education was in the hands of two parties: on one side, the clergy, more and more, with exclusive spirit, vindicating its influence; on the other, the liberal party, infidel and revolutionary. There to cast my lot was hazardous in the extreme; for I was truly simple-minded, and loved the Truth for herself. And, among the Roman clergy, I have found many men whom I could reverence and love; and, among infidels, I have met with noble hearts whom I must admire: but I could never bend to what I deemed superstition, nor could I work with those who denied Him.

Whilst I was thus suffering from outward pressure, and the bitter feeling of injustice, crushing me with slow but sure and unperceived means, my bosom was torn by a wound which even now is not healed; for it was not inflicted by the hand of God, but my own hands made it, cruelly tearing the bonds of charity. And I will confess this, O my God! I will confess it in these memoirs of my life, that others may learn, and my heart be unburdened, and no one may think better of me than I deserve.

My first and oldest pupils had now attained the age of entering the university. They were proud and handsome youths, full of life and vigor, and strong in the possession of rank and wealth. But, with increasing age and importance, they were indulged in what makes the delight of the world; yet not beyond the measure of common usage, but far beyond the measure of my stricter views, and of what I thought desirable for their future career. The eldest, always headstrong, gave me often cause of grief; whilst the younger, whom I loved as the ripening plant of my faithful culture, was more or less influenced by what I considered an evil. Thus the germ of bitterness arose in my

heart; and what I ought to have overlooked, I sharply reprov'd, and made the evil worse.

The overbearing mood of Adolphe, scarcely restrained by the reverence he owed me, vented itself upon the assistants. More than once I had to interfere: but at last I resorted to an extreme, threatening expulsion at the first just complaint; and, when the complaint came, I thought I had gone to the utmost limits of forbearance, and with stern decision announced my resolution. But Charles, in a private interview, with manly energy pleaded, reminding me of Alfred, the promising boy, who innocently would be deprived of valuable instruction.

I see him yet, and hear his deep and moved voice. What was it, then, which hardened my heart, and made me deaf to the interests of those I loved so well, and to my own? What was it which made me tear asunder a bond so tenderly interwoven with seven years of my life? What was it which made me forget the affection and love of parents, and the never-failing devotedness of Lady Marie?

For, on the following day, I myself carried a letter, requesting the baron to withdraw his two eldest sons from the Institute; and when the

father, boiling with indignation, wrote to me a letter filled with bitter reproach, showing appreciation of what I had done for his sons during so many years, but foretelling that I would regret the rash and cruel step, I remember having said, "I am right, — I am right: I could not do otherwise." And though thereafter we were reconciled, and he and his sons visited me frequently, yet I could never resolve to remove my sentence of banishment. Thirteen years elapsed before I was convinced of my wrong. Then I was a father myself; and I remember the day, when in my solitary study, reading all the letters and papers, my heart was moved, my judgment enlightened; and, in the presence of none but Him who formed the heart and its issues, I confessed what I now confess, "that I had broken the law of charity."

And this, with other sins, has been forgiven me. I know it, O Source of my life! for I did it in ignorance, truly believing that I was right. But even my error, thou, in thy wisdom, employedst as a good; for it sundered the strongest tie that bound me to the land of my sojourning, and hastened the course of events as thou hadst directed them.

Whilst I was preparing my fourth examination, bearing up against the pressure of uncertainty, and hoping by *results* to show the practical working of my Institute, I was cheered by a letter from Adelaide. She was happy, and hoped to see me in my vacation. "Sometimes," she said, "I wish I could fly to you! And now I desire your presence for more than one reason." For her heart had opened itself to the influence of heavenly truth, and her natural goodness had become sweetened with the perfume of grace: and, when residing for a time with a married sister, she had been struck by the difference; for there she had not found the life of Christ, and the contrast made her attentive. Thus she was drawn to thee, O Parent of our immortal souls!

The examination was even more successful than I expected, and attended by men of learning and experience, whose conversation I overheard, flattering to myself, and greatly commending the Institute. Unwilling to give up, unless in positive necessity, I had drawn out a plan of studies for the coming year, full and ample, and giving proof of the wide range my establishment was intended to take. With the conviction of having

done my duty, and obtained the approbation of men whom I esteemed, I left for Brussels ; and thence travelled to Mouscron, in the picturesque province of Hainault.

I arrived towards dusk in the dreary-looking village. There was none of the enchanting beauty of Pré Béni, none of the Christian life so sweetly pervading the domestic circles of Geneva ; there was no Church of the Witness, no song of Zion ascending from throngs of pious worshippers ; and my own mood was different from that which, three years before, gave a rosy color to all I saw. I had learned much, and suffered much ; and the poetry of religion had given place to stern reality. The future, too, seemed uncertain, though I felt it more than ever in the hands of God. My natural disposition had become more stern, and less confiding ; and the glow of affection, which before had warmed me towards all, had withdrawn at the contact with worldliness and hypocrisy : but the light of faith was burning with intensity ; and, where I went, I carried the fear of God within. Thus I was, when, through the dreary streets of Mouscron, I found my way to the house of Mr. P., an honest, sociable Frenchman, and an artist of more than

common talent, the husband of Adelaide's eldest sister.

The first I saw, when opening the door, was Adelaide, in pensive mood engaged in landscape-drawing. When I entered, looking up, she blushed, and, rising, extended to me her hand with the warmth of friendship and the dignity of maidenhood. It was Adelaide; the same who received me in her mother's sick-room with outburst of joy, but now with the composed reserve of a Christian virgin. Oh sweetness imparted by the indwelling grace of God! Oh true refinement, which neither birth nor learning can give! Oh fragrance of holiness, wherein the soul is bathed, and which nothing can destroy, not even the pestilent atmosphere of a world in sin!

I looked long at her; and, holding her hand, I said, "The same, and yet how changed!" She blushed, and went to call her sister.

During a week, many were the walks we made, and the conversations we had; sometimes searching, sometimes mirthful, sometimes recalling times past. My heart began to be troubled; for I was honest, and did more than love her: I revered her. I revered her for her childhood's sake, for her youth's sake, for her piety's

sake ; I revered in her the same who once had spoken to me in the silence of night ; and, uncertain what to do, I prepared to depart on the following day.

But her brother-in-law took me apart ; and, during a pleasant walk, he said, "What are your intentions ? Be clear : for Adelaide's rest is at stake ; and so is yours, if I see well."

And I said, "Your sister is young, and without experience ; and she may mistake affection for love." But he gave me encouraging assurance : and, strange to say, in the depth of my heart I was jealous of any interference ; for so great a gift as I *began* to hope that God intended to give me in Adelaide, I wished to hold from Him alone.

And, when that night I reached the hotel where I stopped, I urgently prayed, and little did I sleep ; for many were the thoughts which arose and vanished before my imagination. Whether I was right in asking the gift of God, I did not know ; and the maiden seemed to me so pure and holy in her very solitude among uncongenial spirits, that I dreaded to approach her with other than words of Christian fondness.

But the following day, having partaken of my last meal with the family, I asked to see her alone. Standing in the small parlor, I took both her hands, and said, "Adelaide, I have asked you as a gift from God for all eternity: there is none to answer for you but yourself. What does God say?"

Through her I received the confirmation of what I hoped. "*Dieu le veut*," said she, hiding her blushing face in my bosom, "*et je le veux*."

And we knelt down, and called upon Him who gave us to each other. Thus we honored him; and, when we arose, I asked leave, in the presence of her family, to embrace her as my bride.

That evening I departed, and left for the waters of Spa; for we were both moved and amazed, and I thought it right to let the will of God have its untrammelled course. But our correspondence made up for absence: they were letters sweet, and full of joy and confidence. And, after three weeks, I returned, and dreary Mouscron seemed a paradise to me. I found there Eleonore, always sweet and lovely, and happy in the happiness of her sister. With her I returned to H., once more to resume my labor, but strengthened

in my heart: for, come what would, I had found a sweet companion, with whom to pray and hope, and to battle through life; and all the bitterness caused by injustice or ingratitude was effaced by the fragrant gift of God.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE FIRST HOME.

THERE are turning-points in the career of each individual, when the stream of life seems to take a new direction, invigorated by a new principle of activity. Thus it is with individuals, thus with nations, thus with the human race. To observe these, and the circumstances which lead to them, and the effect they have upon the formation of the character of individuals, nations, and mankind, is the exclusive privilege of the human mind; in this, showing its divine origin.

When in the hour of night, in manner to me unknown, God spoke to me, and showed me my true relation to him, all my energies were thrown into a new channel. After that, I served him truly, but not without remaining attached to many prejudices of tradition and early training.

But now he spoke to me through the mouth of a pious virgin, who, loving me, feared him. She gave herself to me, and gladly consented to

be my companion for time and eternity. My solitary existence was more than doubled in force and energy. Now the world was *wide open* indeed. Wherever she was would be my treasure; for he was the centre of our mutual affection. Thus I see it now, O Source of my life! Thus, towards the time when I was about to leave connections, who knew and respected my claims and the honesty of my motives, — towards the time when I was forced to mingle with a world hard and selfish and uncongenial, — thou gavest thy servant a help, whose piety would sustain the flame of devotion, and whose cheerful energy would be able to withstand the pressure of circumstances.

I came home with all the hopeful buoyancy of one whose life is doubled; and, with renewed zeal, I undertook my task. All my pupils were there; and, notwithstanding my ill-advised step with regard to the baron's sons, the confidence of those who knew me remained strong. But my unauthorized position blighted more and more the wholesome growth of the Institute; and the thought of transferring it to the capital of Belgium returned with inflexible assiduity.

I went to Brussels. I saw the pastors of two

Independent chapels, — the one a Calvinist, the other an Arminian ; and, through them, made the acquaintance of several English families. I felt the ground was different. An institute there, based on Protestant Christian principles, would be the representative of a “sect” tolerated by the liberal laws of the country, but yet an anomaly, and supported only by the “poor and humble,” and those foreign residents whose religious views happened to coincide with the proselyting tendencies of the “faithful.” I felt it, but not as well as I do now ; for the zeal of religion overcame my prudence, until it was chastened and matured by disappointments and the teachings of experience.

From Brussels I went to L. in France, where with the venerable Pastor Marzial I had a long and searching conference ; and I remember many reflections, which then I did not understand, but showed clear enough his doubts and fears. For he, with Adolphe Monod and others, though preaching the blessed truth of Christ, abstained from “sects” and “splits.” But the conclusion was, that I should remove to Brussels. I saw Adelaide, too, and spoke to her of my future change.

“Wherever you go,” said she, “the blessing of God will follow you.”

And we agreed that towards Christmas we should be married.

On my return to H., I notified the parents, that, if allowed by authority, I would continue the Institute until the 15th of November, — the fourth anniversary of its opening; and I manifested my purpose to re-open it in Brussels on the 1st of January, 1842. Several wished to continue their sons with me, — among them the Countess V. L. S., whose son I truly loved as my own; and the others regretted my decision.

And now I set to work to have every thing arranged for our marriage; a thing not easy by the law of France in vigor there, — consent of parents and grandparents on both sides, or show that they are no more; certificates of baptism, certificates of national militia, &c. Now, with the guardian of Adelaide I had not acted properly. I had not asked him the permission of addressing his ward. He was an old man, and I was wrong in this as in many things; and, when I asked his consent, he refused. He objected to my religious tendencies: but the second guar-

dian, a mother's brother, a gallant officer in the army, spoke for me ; and so, after many letters, I received his consent. My mother had never seen my bride ; but she had heard of her, and sent me her blessing.

The 15th of November had come ; and I took leave of the parents and my pupils, and the matron and my faithful servants, and at midnight I left West-End Institute ; and, when the stage proceeded slowly through the residence, the tears started in my eyes. Long and faithfully I had labored there. Many, many joys and blessings I had received ; many, many sorrows I had met. The warmest and most enthusiastic years of manhood I had passed there in solitary labor, trying to build up what in my eyes was noblest and best ; and the favor of royalty, and the support of nobility, and the esteem of many, had been my portion ; then, again, the animadversion of some, and the distrust of others, and the time-serving silence of fickle royalty. I left with sorrow, but not without disdain ; for the country, where, after years of manifest usefulness, I could not obtain the right of working for its benefit, seemed no more worthy of me.

The road was long and dreary, and the night cold. But, in the morning, I had reached the frontier ; and, with a heart full of deep emotion, I said farewell to the land of my sojournings. For the thoughts of night had softened my harsher feelings ; and, forgetting the evil done me by a few, I only remembered the good received from so many.

A week I spent in Brussels to secure a convenient house, to see the friends who, I must say, were zealous in my undertaking, and to extend the circle of my acquaintances. Thence I went to France, and came to claim my bride.

Two sisters were at the head of the Ecole Normale, then the *only* Protestant school in Northern France. The elder one, to all the wit and sparkling humor of a well-bred lady, joined the knowledge and learning of thorough scholarship. The younger one was stern and strict, true and single-minded, but surpassing her sister in devotedness to the cause of truth. Both, with all their heart, loved Adelaide, and, with the Pastor Marzial, proved her best and truest friends.

“ Take care of her,” they said ; “ for a treasure has been committed to you, — a treasure which to appreciate will take you time.”

And with blessing they dismissed her, who had become endeared by the eternal bonds of Christian love. The Eve of St. Nicholas we passed at Mouscron, remembering the St. Nicholas Eve, when, years before, I visited with her and her sister the stores at L.; and in the memories of the past arose the St. Nicholas Eve, when, twenty years before, I stood, a little boy, between my father and destruction. These things, I remembered, O faithful God! and thanked thee.

From Mouscron Mr. P. accompanied us; for over the ancient city of Ghent we had to travel, passing the boisterous waters of the Scheldt, until we reached M., on the fertile Island of Walcheren. There the brave Capt. D. resided, the second guardian of my bride; and there, according to law, the marriage had to be performed.

It was a bright December day; and in the City Hall we were received by a brilliant throng of officers, who, honoring the uncle, were glad to catch a glimpse of the niece. Leaning on his arm, she moved gracefully on, till she came, in the Audience Hall, before the grave and dignified magistrate. Then, leaving her uncle's

arm, she placed her right hand in mine. The chosen witnesses being sworn, the magistrate demanded our free and full consent to the marriage contract, which there we subscribed in the huge volume of records; and, whilst the witnesses added their names, he gave us an admonition strangely composed of theology and law, but withal impressive. Such was the form of civil marriage, without which none is valid. The parties may thereafter honor God as best they like; but this must go before.

That day we travelled back to Ghent, and thence to Brussels. The honey-moon was short indeed; for we set immediately to work to arrange our house, and prepare it for the opening of the Institute in January.

It was in the pleasant suburb of Schaerbeck, on the prolongation of the beautiful Rue Royale, the *chaussée* leading to the royal domain of Laken. Localities, like persons, leave their indelible impressions, which we recall with unaccountable pain or pleasure; and this *first home* of my married estate I remember in all its details as cheerful. The house was newly built, and finished with great regard to taste and convenience, commanding a magnificent view over the

plain through which the narrow Senne winds its way, and over which the railroad car dashes with lightning speed. The horizon was wide and far, but limited by the graceful curve of wooded hills, here and there dotted with villages and hamlets; and, when looking down the broad and smoothly paved *chaussée*, we could descry the verdant parks of Laken, the summer residence of royalty.

Towards Christmas came my pupils from H., and others arrived from English families. It was no more "West End:" it was a Protestant school, in the midst of a dominant creed. It became, by force of circumstances, exclusive; and there was an attraction in the very uncertainty of my position. It was a life of faith from day to day, looking out for help and strength. It was a service rendered with more implicit confidence than at H. It was, to us at least, a light shining in the darkness. Our family worship was more complete, our prayers were more frequent and fervent, our perplexities incessant, and our deliverances such as to make me often sink down on my knees, and thank Him, as truly present, with words of intense gratitude.

We soon had an extensive circle of friends of various countries, of different social position, but all knit together by the love of truth ; and yet, O Fountain of truth ! in that small band of Christians, who thought to serve thee better out of the pale of Rome, there was division. For some disbelieved “original sin” and “election” and “assurance,” and followed the Pastor B., a man of talent and somewhat worldly wisdom. Others gave all the glory to thy grace, and hoped to exalt thy goodness by loudly proclaiming their wickedness ; and these followed the conscientious but sober teachings of honest Pastor P. Thus were the Christians divided, who in a stricter way desired to serve the Lord. For others followed the National Church, supported by the State, where Rationalism sat enthroned ; and others, again, the Anglican Chapel, which was considered as formal.

And I was perplexed : for, in my simplicity, I thought that truth must needs be somewhere ; whilst it is *nowhere* in its fulness, except in God, and in Him who came from God. To possess him, and to carry him in an honest heart, is to have the truth ; but he who is thus blessed cares not for human doctrine. He had rather “ know

nothing " than to " know wrongly," if that may be called knowledge which is a profane splitting of the one and holy truth.

And now I know no more than I did then ; but this, my ignorance, I call my safety. That He is love, I know ; for his creation proclaims it, and his Word reveals it. But to separate his holy unity, I dread ; and how he is just, and how he is holy, and how he foreordains, I do not know. Thus I think of thee, O immutable Source of our existence ! whose love I know in thy eternal Son ; and there I rest.

But then I was more curious, and wished to unravel thy mysteries ; and with my wife, thy gracious gift, I truly began to read part of thy Word, in the hope of being instructed in *human* doctrine. And I remember having read with her, day after day, a chapter in the Epistle of thy Apostle Paul to the Ephesians ; and we came to the conclusion, that the doctrine of " election " was the true one ; and we honestly acted upon our belief, and joined the chapel of the Calvinists.

They were zealous and fervent, keeping strict watch over each other ; and I thought that sometimes their love went so far as to become officious,

assuming the character of the “busy-bodies” mentioned in Scripture. But, on the whole, it was a sweet communion, wherein the fervor of religion was not allowed to be quenched by worldliness. Besides the pastor and elders, they had four exhorters, brethren whom they esteemed gifted to the edification of the church ; and I was appointed one, and, in the humble Chapel of the “ Rue Ducale,” often prayed and exhorted. To these things I look now with astonishment ; for it was done in a spirit of simplicity, which knew little of the “visible” pomp and beauty of worship ; and if, thereafter, I have found more “stateliness and dignity,” I have not found more depth of conviction working with a single look to the Saviour. In that unadorned chapel, we met the noble Baron D. with his family, and the Baroness d’A., and many others reclaimed from unbelief or superstition. But near them kneeled the humble artisan, and many poor and needy ; and by no other name they knew each other, than by that of “brother” or “sister.”

Yet my Institute was narrowed by the step we had taken. The Chapel “du Boulevard” and the “National Church” withdrew their support. Our numbers increased but slowly ; and the

sphere of my usefulness seemed small when compared with my aspirations in H. But within was peace and happiness. One spirit pervaded the whole. Our house, indeed, was a *mission*, where even the humble servant-girl became thirsty after the waters of life ; and our pupils were joyous and contented, and some gave signs of spiritual life. Truly this first year, with many troubles and anxieties, left an indelible impression of happiness ; and for this I thank thee, O my Creator ! for having vouchsafed thy presence in a time when every thing seemed new, and the course of my life took another direction.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE DOMINICAN.

I WAS just recovering from a severe illness, which, during two months, had laid me on a bed of sickness with pain and anxiety. The month of May was developing all the beauties of a truly gorgeous landscape ; when, resting on the balcony, I received a note, requesting my presence at the house of Mr. T. He was the agent of the British Foreign Bible Society ; a man of action, a good and practical Christian. I thought the walk might do me good ; and, crossing the hills, I soon arrived at his dwelling in the Faubourg de Namur.

Mr. T. received me in his study with more than common seriousness ; for, though a Puritan in creed, he was one who “enjoyed” life, and, with his numerous family, presented a perfect picture of English comfort.

“Here is a case,” said he, “rather strange and startling, and wherein we want your counsel

and assistance. A Dominican monk, escaped from the convent at Ghent, has come to Pastor P., and tells a tale of sorrow and oppression, and penitent-seeking after truth. He is a Pole from Livonia, speaks French and German, and seems a well-informed man. In great anxiety, he needs an asylum where he may be sure against surprise. We thought of you. Perhaps you can employ him; and with you he would be safe in more than one respect. See him, and then judge."

The monk was introduced. He was a man of almost gigantic stature, a little awkward in his ill-suited clothes, but withal of commanding aspect, dark complexion, with large, intelligent eyes, though somewhat bewildered expression. He repeated shortly what Mr. T. had said, and showed his "begging-pass;" wherein it was stated "that Brother Ignacius was allowed to be absent from the convent at Ghent during eight days, on condition of begging for the community." And that was all the man could show; that was all he had in the world to identify himself. I remember having been amazed at a system, which, in a civilized country, deprived a man of talent and moral worth, of *all*, of his name, of his identity, to send him on a "begging

expedition." I offered him my house, and occupation, should he like it; and he thankfully accepted. When I came home, my wife was rather astonished at the novel guest, for whom she had to prepare a room; but she did it cheerfully, and with delicate attention.

The following morning, when I spoke to her a few words in a language I thought unknown to him, he said with a peculiar gravity and quietness, "Sir, allow me two remarks: the first is, that there is no European language wherewith I am not sufficiently acquainted to understand it when spoken; the second is, that I am anxious to make myself useful in the school in any manner you may choose."

I could not but admire the delicacy of feeling which dictated the two remarks; and concluded that the gigantic friar, who possessed nothing but a "begging-pass," was a "gentleman."

His learning was extensive in languages, literature, theology, and sciences; nor was he unacquainted with the fine arts, being an excellent judge of music and an exquisite draughtsman. He seemed at home in all parts of the world, and in his conversation showed the reserve of conscious knowledge, with a refined appreciation

of circumstances and character. I gained his confidence; for I gave him mine: and though he used to avoid even an allusion to times past, and shrank from the appearance of boasting, yet I succeeded in gathering from him the details which follow:—

He had assumed the name of Löven; being the first half of his real name. He was the eldest son of the Count von Lövenhaupt, a Livonian nobleman, whose brother, at that very time, was a member of the Russian cabinet. When eight years of age, he was sent to a college in Poland, and educated as the future heir of princely wealth. Of his younger brother he seldom spoke; but to his only sister he clung with tender admiration.

“How well I remember,” he said with a voice stifled by emotion, “the rides on horseback we took together when spending the holidays at home! It is now nineteen years since last I saw her. Faithfully she has written to me; but even her letters are gone. I have nothing now but the bitter regret of what my life might have been.”

Whilst at the college, his thoughts were constantly drawn towards a “religious” life. His

natural disposition was serious, and, I should say, rather heavy. It seems that his educators encouraged him in his "religious" tendency; thus, at least, he spoke of it; and, when he was eighteen years of age, he declared his wish to enter the order of the Dominicans. The eldest son and heir of such a family, with wealth and influence fabulous in Western Europe, to give up his name and rank and riches, and to become, in the spring of life, a poor and insignificant friar in some Polish cloister, seemed madness; but neither the entreaties of his sister, nor the stern refusal of his father, could overcome his resolution to "seek salvation" in the order of St. Dominic. With faltering voice, he narrated to me the last interview with his assembled family. Nineteen years had passed since the day, when, for the last time, he stood amid the splendor of his house, and there resigned his rights to his younger brother, and, leaving his name and kindred, became an obscure monk.

He wandered to the nearest convent, and was received. After a few years, he was sent to Italy; and, in Milan, was made Professor of Confession. His was the charge to train the younger clergy in the science of "hearing confessions," —

a science requiring tact and discrimination. After four years, he was sent to Rome, where he became one of the assistant-librarians of the Vatican, — a post for which his linguistic knowledge fitted him exceedingly. There he had access to the department exclusively consecrated to the “heretical” publications, which, under lock and key, are accessible to none. His inquisitive mind began to roam in the extensive storehouse, where the fruit of the forbidden tree of knowledge was hoarded up since centuries, — enough to perplex the strongest mind; and *his* was a strong one, and from childhood cultivated with utmost care. But doubts began to arise. Rome was not infallible; Rome was gainsaid by men of deep and far-reaching intelligence; and, in the dusty reading-rooms of the ancient Vatican, — in the stronghold of the world-ruling power, — the Dominican friar began to chafe under the pressure of self-imposed chains.

He was not alone. An American bishop, sent to the Southern States of Peru and Chili with a mission of restoring the “semblance” of discipline where immorality and vice had reached the culminating point, and now in Rome to receive instructions, had been touched by the same im-

pressions, and moved by the same harassing doubts.

But the Dominican, poor and unknown, had a struggle of which we scarcely have a conception, — the sacrifice of rank and wealth and honors, nineteen years of voluntary poverty, passed in roaming from north to south, — all for that which now he believed to be an error!

As he repeatedly refused to preach on the subject of the intercessory office of the Blessed Virgin, he was suspected of heterodoxy, and finally confined in a convent near the Inquisition. There he remained a close prisoner during seven long months. At last, he seemed to have found sympathy; and one of his keepers agreed to place a ladder under his window, whereby to escape. It was midnight when he began his descent; but scarcely had he taken his position on the ladder, when it was drawn from under him. With fractured skull, he lay many weeks in danger. His mind was affected, and had never recovered its usual strength. He took my hand, and made me lay my finger in the gash, — a frightful memento of treason; for this, more than all, affected him even then, — that he in whom he confided had thus treacherously attempted to take his life.

When slowly recovering, he was at the point of being transferred to the prisons of the Inquisition. Once there, his doom was sealed. But, in that time of anguish, there came relief; for the American bishop, whom I mentioned before, succeeded in obtaining his release. He was, said he, weak of mind, and, if confided to his care, would soon recover, not only health, but also his right perception of the faith. Over Germany, he had to travel to Antwerp, there to embark for Peru; and, if the Dominican was allowed to be his companion, he would see him safe in one of the convents of Belgium. Thus it was arranged; and thus he travelled, and arrived in Ghent.

But the treatment he had received, and the conversations with the enlightened bishop, and the journey through Protestant countries, confirmed him in his aversion for a creed to which he had devoted all. "I could not live," said he; "I could not die. From my sister I have not heard for more than two years: she has succeeded to the estates of my deceased brother; and I have none in the world whom I can name my friend. A pamphlet of Pastor P. on the Roman controversy came into my hands. To

him I wished to go, and asked a begging-pass; and here I am, a wreck in every sense."

Thus he narrated to me his story at various times. If there is any thing untrue or exaggerated, the blame is his. But he lived seven months under my roof; and I frequently overheard, without his knowledge, his prayers uttered in the hour of night. They were the prayers of one wrestling with God; they were prayers deep, serious, and searching. And his conduct was uniform; nor did I ever discover the slightest deviation from truth in other things, but rather a simplicity strangely combined with a high and delicate sense of honor. The native dignity of man seemed to have been struggling for life, and now re-asserted its "inalienable right."

I sympathized with him. We both had sacrificed worldly prospects to what we esteemed best, but with different result; and, comparing his forlorn position with mine, I could not but grieve for him, and be thankful to God for myself. Yet, although we did all in our power to comfort him, he seemed to become more and more restless and anxious: he was in constant fear of being surprised. Whether there was real cause, or past sufferings excited his imagi-

nation, I cannot tell ; but he at last conceived himself the object of secret spies, who watched his going-out and coming-in. Not a bell rung, but he started in dismay. Our friends thought best to procure him a passport to England ; and there he went, towards fall, with letters of recommendation to good and pious families.

Thence he wrote me several times, and his letters were full of affection and gratitude. It seemed to me, that in the Church of England he found a more congenial temper, more order, and less division, than among the Protestants at Brussels. How it affected him thereafter, I do not know ; for I lost sight of him, and the Dominican is among the many remembrances of the Old World.

But, at that time, his appearance made a strange impression on my mind. He was to me as the embodiment of a system ; and I judged the whole by one individual case, which is an unfair means of attaining the truth. I forgot the thousands of holy and self-devoted men who humbly and successfully labored within that system ; and, too desirous of finding what might be called *absolute* truth, I thought that opposition to the dominant Church was paramount to duty.

Whilst I was nourishing my mind with these reflections, profitable to none, and least to myself, the tidings came that the pastor of "the Witness" had arrived on a missionary tour, and, that evening, would preach in our chapel.

I was ill, and could not go; but Adelaide went, with eager expectation, and desirous of seeing the venerable man of whom I had told her so often. To a crowded audience he preached one of those stirring sermons, wherein love was so singularly blended with serious appeal. Adelaide was moved; and, after service, came up to him, and, taking his hand, said with tearful eye, "I am the wife of Leno." And with endearing love, folding her in his arms, he said, "Then you are my daughter indeed; for Leno is my son." When she wept on his bosom, knowing all, and loving him for my sake, he gave her words of comfort, and, with her, came to see me.

Shall I forget the days he passed with us,—his cheerful talk, so full of wit, and overrunning with God-fearing love; the spirit of confidence he poured into my heart; the prayers he prayed with us? Shall I forget the tender interest he took in our affairs, and how he strengthened our

arms ? and how, after he left, we felt as if a new spirit had entered the house, and we could endure all and overcome all ?

Thus the first year of our married state drew to an end, with pleasant remembrances of happy days, of duties faithfully performed, of difficulties gone through, of visits received from many Christian friends ; and, though our Institute increased slowly, it was a cheerful household, where the seeds were sown *surely* and *effectually*, because faithfulness was the watchword, and reliance the moving power.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A TEMPTATION.

IT was the month of January, when winter for a time seems to mar the beauty of nature, allowing rest to the bountiful earth and the fruit-bearing trees ; and every thing is blank and cheerless, except home, sweet home. And mine was sweet indeed ; for Adelaide had given me a gift, which to this day I possess, though once the Author of his life laid him low on the couch of sickness, reminding me of the Giver. Who but a father knows the blessing bestowed in a first-born ; — the joyful happiness and nameless pride ; the beam of light which seems to illuminate the humblest dwelling, as if, from upper regions, a little stranger had arrived to cheer and to console, and to give a fresh and better impulse to our worldly minds ?

When the mother had recovered her strength, we humbly walked to our chapel ; for there he would be dedicated to our God in the holy sacra-

ment of baptism. It was a frosty morning, and the walk was long; but I remember it as yesterday. The care for the mother, whom now I loved with double reverence; the care for the slumbering babe, whom I received from thee, O Author of my life! the Christian friends, who truly rejoiced for me; the pastor's sermon, who faithfully explained the word of God,—I remember it all. And, when the congregation had retired, in the presence of a few friends the minister called upon God, and, in the power of the Holy Trinity, gave him the name of the pastor of the Witness: for to him I looked as to my spiritual father; and, disregarding lineage and ancestors' names, I wished my first-born to bear his name whom both my wife and myself loved and revered.

But among the friends was not the pastor's wife; a devoted, pious Christian, whose law was charity. Yet she could not consent to sanction by her presence what she considered a sin; for she was a Baptist, and, though faithfully laboring with her conscientious husband, did not believe that God would make a covenant with unconscious innocence. I remember how it struck and grieved me. But little did I think,

that, a year thereafter, I should do worse, and deny what I had done, and deny the virtue of that holy ceremony, because, forsooth, the minister had not received, what he could not receive, the imposition of a bishop's hands. Oh, strange inconsistency ! I then blamed what I called bigotry, and thereafter blamed what I had done myself, and denied my own baptism and that of all my ancestors. Thus the baptism of my first-born in the humble Chapel of Rue Ducale, by the hands of an humble minister of God, has become to me a lesson of charity. For which was worse, her quiet withdrawing, with marks of sympathy, from what she thought an error ; or my ruthless denying the efficacy of the water consecrated by prayer, because the minister had not been episcopally ordained ? O my God ! this sin thou hast also forgiven me ; for truly in ignorance did I sin, believing to serve thee according to thy Word.

And now came a time of anxious thought and perplexity ; for, when I was rejoicing in the new blessing bestowed, on a Sunday evening I received a visit from Pietro G. He was an Italian refugee, who, in the political struggles of 1824, had escaped the penalty of death, and, in Brus-

sels, succeeded in building up an institute remarkable for thoroughness and wide range of learning. There Gioberti, who afterwards became a minister of state in Turin, taught historical sciences; and Quetelet, one of the university professors, lectured on astronomy. The number of pupils once had reached nearly two hundred and fifty; and many were the men, civilians and military, who there had received their education. But the tendency was ultra-liberal, and bordering on infidelity; a natural consequence of direct opposition to the clerical party of the dominant creed. That party, through the energy of the Archbishop of Mechlin, was in the ascendant; and the institute was losing ground. Though strongly supported by men of eminence and learning, it needed, as it were, a new infusion of vigor, and the direction of a younger and less disappointed head. For Pietro G. was aged, and had seen times of trouble and want, followed by success now on the wane; and, with cunning and shrewdness, he had a liberal disposition, showing kindness to many who repaid him with neglect. He came to me with confidence, and proposed to associate our efforts and influence, to combine the two

institutions into one ; offering me the direction, half the profits, and the loss, if any, to be on his account.

The proposal startled me. To make a partnership in the noble task of education, and give it thus the form of a regular "money-making business," was to me a novelty. I shrunk from it; for, whatever had been my success, with a single eye to God I had worked, thinking more of doing him service than of providing for the future. If this was an error, it was a venial one. But there was more. Pietro G. was an unbeliever. Though respecting the forms of religion, he did not believe the truth; and in his prospectus he clearly declared, "that religion, being the work of God, and not of men, was none of his business." This I knew; and I candidly told him, that, with me, religion was the basis whereon to build. He approved of my frankness, and thought a little more of it might do no harm.

"But," said he, "it is not only you I want: it is your wife. By what I hear, she will be able to impart to the institute that tone which mine can never give. Believe me, there is a mutual advantage in the combination. I give a house

and material, than which none can be better, with a goodly number of scholars, and old relations in England, France, and America: you give your numbers and relations and learning and youth, and last, but not least, the magical influence of an accomplished lady.”

Thus saying, he left me; and I went to the partner of my life to ask her opinion.

Well do I remember that evening. Yet weak, and slowly recovering, her beaming eye showed her anxiety to know what kept me so long away; and, when I told her, she said, —

“No, Leno! no! God has blessed us thus far: why distrust him?”

Thus she spoke, slowly and deliberately: and her words found an echo in my heart; for it was the voice of God. It was the right decision, made at once by woman’s prophetic instinct, perceiving as by intuition the true issue of the case. Happy the man who has such a counselor! Happier he who abides by her *first* advice! Had I done so, it would have saved me bitterness and disappointment.

To my letter announcing our refusal of the proposed union, I received an answer courteous and polite, by its kindly tone impressing me with

some regret for having discarded the co-operation of one so experienced and so considerate. It is strange how the slightest shade will affect, when *principle* is no more the only rule of action ! I saw him often, without the knowledge of Adelaide. Obstacles seemed to disappear, difficulties to be removed. I began to ask the advice of others, already half decided what to do ; for the more extended sphere of action tempted me, and the hope, the foolish hope, of grafting my religious principles on a tree so wild, deceived me. The pastor of the Witness wrote me words of warning ; but the honest minister of our chapel, whose son was one of my pupils, came to a different conclusion. He saw, to use a favorite expression, “ a door opened,” a means of doing good on larger scale, and of sowing the seed of grace broadcast. Strengthened by his authority, I prevailed upon Adelaide to reconsider her first opinion ; next, to assist at an interview with Pietro G. : and her better judgment was biassed by his plausible arguments, whilst the advice of friendship and the preference of a husband finally decided her opinion. The contract was drawn up ; and on the first day of March, 1843, our institutions would be

united, and we should assume our more responsible duties.

But when the day came of breaking up our cheerful and well-organized household, wherein refinement kept pace with real comfort; when the daily prayers, making a church of our home, had to cease; when my pupils, accustomed to submission and regularity, had to mingle with a crowd of students of all nations and creeds; when I took my final leave of the pleasant home, which had been consecrated by the remembrance of so many joys and deliverances, — then I began to realize the step I had taken; and, finding the Institute of Pietro G. in a state of confusion and anarchy difficult to describe, I must confess, that for some days I was disheartened, and began to feel the consequences of my presumption.

My wrong I felt and confessed, and asked for strength; for, though I had left the path of simple duty, *now* it was my duty to do my best. Happy time, when, with the confidence of a child, I could confess my error, and truly feel that I was forgiven! Then I began to work and regulate, and in this was powerfully assisted by her whom the pastor of the Witness used to call

my "valiant" wife. A few weeks had elapsed, when the Institute had lost its "decaying" appearance. It seemed to start with fresh and renewed vigor, and, with its seventy pupils and eighteen professors, ranked first among those who were known, as opposing the dominant party.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE "JOSEPHINE."

BUT, as I have said before, the dominant party, now strengthened by the marriage of King Leopold with Orleans's royal daughter, was in the ascendant; and the natural disposition of the people favored its pretensions. Colleges, under the direction of the Company of Jesus, increased rapidly in number and importance; and the numerous aristocracy gave them countenance. The cause of evangelical Protestantism was absorbed in the perpetually increasing splits and divisions amongst its advocates. In France, at least, the Protestants form a national body, with more than two millions of adherents. In Belgium, their whole number does not exceed a few thousands. They are considered anomalous, intrusive; and the national feeling goes against them, as a remembrance of the much-disliked Batavian dominion.

Pietro G. had stood a long series of years

under its protecting shade, backed by the rampant seeds of infidelity. With the increasing preponderance of Catholicity, his Institute had lost its popularity. He sought my alliance; but the decided tone of religious opposition which I gave to the Institute created a more violent counteraction than his infidelity. For this was dying its natural death; but the new life which I brought into the Institution gave it a vigor and a name, which produced, amongst others, jealousy and envy.

Yet there was neither king nor magistrate, who could, as in Holland, order me to desist; but there was perhaps more,—the unceasing activity of an extensive party, having its ramifications in all the ranks of society, from the highest aristocracy to the humblest servant-girl.

Several months we labored, and I never labored more; and, for a time, it seemed as if the Institute, so perfectly organized, so liberal in its provisions, might become the beneficent representative of a principle which had become the chief aim of my life. But my friends, as well as myself, perceived soon that outward influence was bearing hard against us, and my soul became wearied with anxiety.

To serve Him according to my convictions had been my steady aim, — to serve him in the training of youth, or, better still, in preaching the gospel. Of worldly advantages, I had, as yet, never *thought*; and though the Institute might promise, in future time, a reward for labor, it could not be, I saw, unless relaxing in what I deemed a sacred principle. If I was wrong, I was honest. If I presumed, I did it with a single view to the kingdom of God. In Holland, royal caprice and party spirit had driven me out. In Belgium, a dominant creed, national and popular, crowded me out as an intruder and innovator.

Then it was that I began with ardent desire to look after "liberty;" and America, with its free institutions, loomed up on the horizon of my imagination, as the land where I might work with untrammelled freedom. The early impressions received from my father, in whose boyhood the War of Independence was fought; the enthusiastic study of history, and not least of Botta's classical work, — environed America with a halo of glory, which attracted me with irresistible force.

The pastor of the Witness sent me letters to

England, where he advised me to seek the Rev. Dr. Burgess, a man of wealth and influence. Some of my friends held out the prospect of useful missionary work in France. Others insisted strongly on my continuing my work in Belgium. For a time, my mind was perplexed. But it turned from any thing which Europe then could offer ; and, with magical force, the shores of America continued to attract me.

When I consulted Adelaide, she was averse to crossing the ocean, to seek, in a world to us unknown, what we had enjoyed and might yet enjoy, — the happiness of family-life, not out of reach of our many friends and relations. But I, with unaccountable tenacity, clung to my purpose ; and we set to work to bring it into execution.

I wrote to all my friends ; and from the pastor of the Witness, from d'Aubigné, from Mark Willis, and many others, I received letters of recommendation and introduction. Then came the time of separation from my pupils. One of them was very dear to us. William T. was the last who left, — the last of those for whom I had worked many years ; and for the last time we prayed in our humble chapel, and one by one

they gave us their "*Dieu vous bénisse!*" And on the 15th of June, having taken a last walk in the beautiful park, we left for Antwerp.

There I met a friend, whom in these memoirs I have never mentioned, though, since 1831, we were united by the bonds of intimacy, only not strengthened by communion of faith. For Alfred B. was the best son, the most devoted brother, and the most excellent friend, I ever knew; but he could not receive the truth as revealed in God's holy Word. Of English parentage, he joined to rectitude of intentions a delicacy of feeling which *never* was at fault; and now he came travelling far, once more to see us.

When we went on board the Bremen brig "Josephine," lying in the stream before the ancient city, he staid with us a few days; and to him we remitted our farewell letters to mother, sister, and sweet Eleonore. As I embraced him, and saw him depart in the little boat, it seemed that in him I took leave of many good and noble men. I see yet his serious, honest face steadily turned towards the "Josephine" to behold the friends he truly loved, until, waving his hand for the last time, he was soon out of sight. Eighteen years have gone by, — half the

time we knew each other; but still he is the same; and I may say, what few can truly say, "Amongst men I have found a friend."

On the 22d of June, we weighed anchor, and began to descend the rapid Scheldt; but the wind was adverse and cold, and only on the 26th we saw for the last time the vanishing outlines of the coast of France.

With my boy in my arms, I watched them long, with feelings impossible to describe; for I left many, many warm-hearted friends, and on the other side of the broad Atlantic I had as yet none. He who leaves his country becomes an exile, thrown upon the kindness of those on whom he has no claim. Folding the unconscious babe in my arms, I went down to my wife, who was ill and suffering; and, taking my Bible, I read the Psalm so consoling and encouraging for the traveller: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

CONCLUSION.

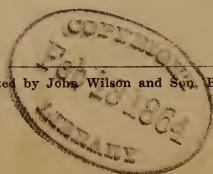
HERE I must leave my narrative, running through the space of thirty years. The Old World, with its good and evil, was left behind; and, in the meridian of life, I sought rest in the Great Republic of the New. How there I found friends and work and trouble; how the hand of God guided me to become a minister of his Word, and a missionary to the shores of the Pacific; what there I saw, and partly experienced; what calamities, what blessings; what anxieties, what deliverances; what heart-stirring instances of indomitable energy and magnanimous liberality,—truly my pen might easily record. Yet I lay it down, not weary, but with excusable hesitation, lest I might weary the few who have patiently perused these pages. Should they, however, against my expectation, find favor enough to encourage me, I shall then record, to my best remembrance, the twenty years of my checkered life in the New World.

“What a life has been yours!” thus wrote to me the venerable pastor of the Witness some two years ago. “But have you not travelled a spiral to come where the providence of God might have led you in a direct line?”

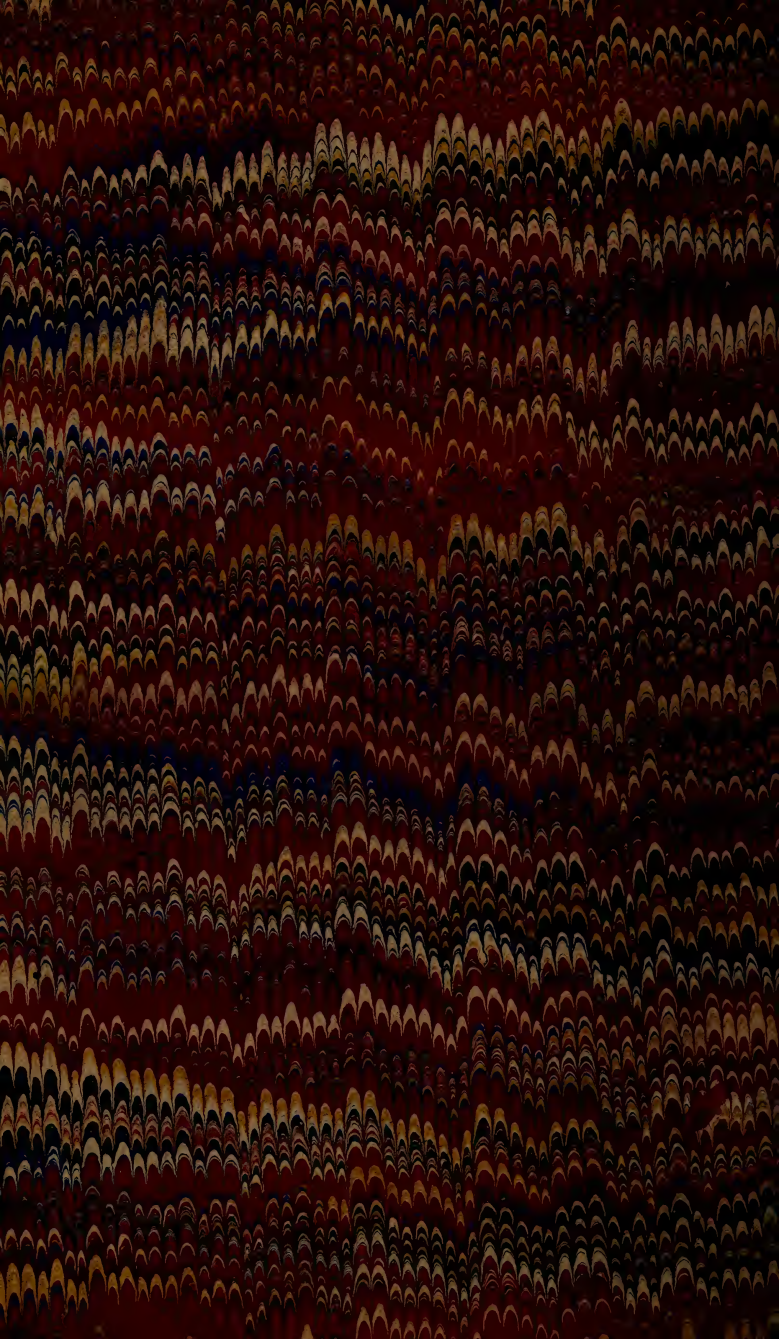
The pastor of the Witness said true; but I am willing to lay open the windings of that life, that others may profit by it, and, with a single eye to God, hold the straighter line.

THE END.

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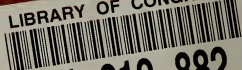








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